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MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JANUARY 5, 1957 VOLUME 70 NUMBER 1

Editorial

What's so good about a bi-partisan foreign policy?

The Suez trouble has underlined ... doing much to settle ... always troubles democratic ... time of international str...

Should normal parliamentary ... or should all differences be ... this the nation's political part... common foreign policy.

... of international str...

In Britain ...

... Suez ...

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FOR THE Argume

EDMUND CARPENTER SAYS

Grammar is snobbish nons

If next week's [illegible] this week then [illegible] of our newspapers will [illegible] the winning of some [illegible] opinion that the English language is in danger of being destroyed. Perhaps a professor will complain that university freshmen can't spell. The head [illegible] a large composition will cry that none of his [illegible] knows where to put [illegible]. Or a teacher will denounce the fact that the youngest generation [illegible] not being able to write [illegible].

All of which has some truth in it. But too often it misses the main point, writes [illegible] and punctuation. Grammar are not rods in the teacher's [illegible] has far more important purpose than mere artistic expression with [illegible] is a form of etiquette. Language reflects thought. As you think so you speak. As you speak so you think.

As thinking changes so language changes. Every effort to prevent language from changing gets us nowhere. Look on thinking. At heart this is what the grammarian wants to treat [illegible] thought.



Dr. Edmund Carpenter, an anthropologist is always outspoken. This is his newest contribution to this column.

What's wrong with "ain't"?

The grammarian is not only [illegible] conservative but [illegible] snob. Since most people unconsciously speak [illegible] partially [illegible] major task of universities [illegible] students to speak a special lingo that sets them apart from others. This is the function of all remedial English courses.

When such training is successful the graduate is unmistakably [illegible] not a non-U. As a university product he [illegible] effects. It is [illegible] instead of the correct "It's me," doesn't split infinitives, never ends a sentence with a preposition, avoids the double negative and regards "ain't" as a low class word.

Now [illegible] the contraction of "am not" belongs in the same category as "that" and "aren't." The teacher who says, "Johnny don't say it," may say, "Aren't I a good boy?" is wrong. "Aren't" belongs to the plural or second person singular, "am't" is correct here.

The image "It's me" is due to the same reason that leads the French to say, "C'est moi" (both "moi" and "me" were originally accusatives but "moi" has come to be used as a general form of the pronoun in various constructions, sometimes for the nominative, sometimes for the accusative). [illegible] be purists and preservers of the past. From the study of English [illegible] long ago arrived at a false conception of universal grammar based on laws of logic and they tried to impose on English — to refine it, as Dr. Johnson said, to grammatical purity. As long as they stuck to the middle class they did little damage, but when education became general and especially with the new media (radio, film, TV) they inflicted serious injury on English.

For example, owing to their efforts a number of correct usages have been stigmatized as incorrect. The most conspicuous is the double negative, which was perfectly correct in the time of Chaucer, lingered on till the age of Shakespeare and is still current in the speech of the vast majority of English speaking people. Owing however to the logical (but not unpsychological) notion that doubling a negative destroys it instead of strengthening it, this idiom (although it was correct in Greek and is found in French, Spanish and Russian) is regarded as a gross vulgarism in modern English. By this argument a triple negative would give it new force.

I never broke no bones nor

Shakespeare used the double comparative and double superlative [illegible] more better [illegible] most unkindest [illegible] suffered from a split [illegible] clearness and vigour [illegible] logical symmetry.

For [illegible] joint [illegible] can be stored [illegible] is now [illegible] of [illegible] compartments although a plywood [illegible] table [illegible] was [illegible] pan [illegible] see [illegible] an

When seconds count



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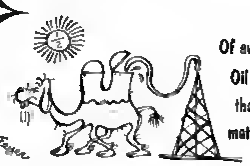
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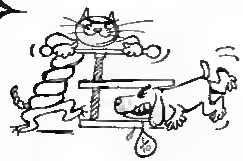
Here's what Imperial does with its money



Of every dollar Imperial Oil took in last year, more than half went to buy raw materials, such as crude oil.

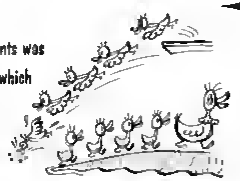
Operating and administrative costs, depreciation, and the wages of Imperial's 13,500 employees took about a quarter.





Just over a tenth went in taxes, not including the road taxes to the various provinces.

Just under nine cents was Imperial's "profit," of which almost five cents was re-invested in the business.



So, of every dollar Imperial took in last year, just over four cents went in dividends to the company's 44,000 shareholders.

Esso IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED



London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

"America is no longer our ally"



DETERMINED EDEN

With Suez says Baxter, he ended our role of satellite to the U. S."

It may well be that what I am about to write will cause offense and resentment to some of my fellow Canadians. Not will these emotions be confined to Canadians. Maclean's is widely read in the United States and I cannot believe that my words will rouse enthusiasm there.

Therefore I must ask you to believe that my version of the Suez crisis is not gathered entirely from gossip in the smoke room but from direct contact with the British political figures chiefly concerned.

I do not propose to quote them verbatim but rather to use what they have said to piece before you an accurate backstage account of a drama that shook the world.

Let us begin by stating that it was fully known to Sir Anthony Eden that the Russians had been supplying Egypt for some time back with formidable war materiel at. It was also known that Nasser was in constant touch with Moscow.

The seizure of the canal by Nasser was the first step. A violent anti-British propaganda campaign in the Arab states was the second. The final step was to be the sending of Russian volunteers to maintain order."

Undoubtedly Nasser had scored an enormous personal triumph by the nationalization of the canal. This posturing adventurer by no means a popular figure in the Arab states, saw the United Nations gather in solemn conclave in London to discuss the rights and wrongs of what was merely a piece of daylight robbery.

It was as if the supreme court had been summoned to deal with a petty thief.

As usual America was on the eve of an election and as usual America deplored any direct action by the Western powers. By contrast the Russians pledged full support to Nasser if trouble broke out and plans were made to send "volunteers" from the Soviet Union.



ANGRY EISENHOWER

His anger grew to fury. . . I was told he gave Eden absolute hell"

Eden was aware of this. So was Eisenhower. Then suddenly Israel attacked Egypt and the long-awaited moment had come for Russia to send a strong force of volunteers to take possession of the missed machine armaments they had delivered to Egypt.

But the Russian timetable went wrong. The horrors of hell had been let loose in Hungary and, to a lesser extent, in Poland.

Eden took continued on page 46



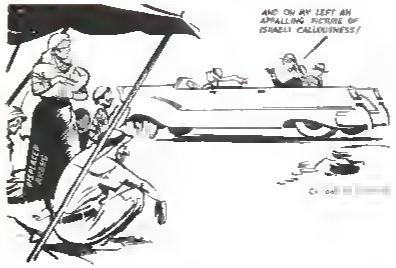
SILENT ST. LAURENT

He was mum. . . Our only friends in Canada are Canadian people'"



Backstage in Gaza

WITH BLAIR FRASER



What I saw in the refugee camps

JERUSALEM

Gaza for three thousand years has been a symbol both of ignominy and of revenge. Here the captive Samson (eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves") regained enough of his strength to pull down the roof upon himself and his enemies. Here today three hundred thousand rootless people sit on a beachhead five miles wide, nine out of ten of them fed by government charity with nothing to do but brood upon their wrongs.

Two thirds of all the people in the Gaza Strip are exiles from other parts of Palestine. For them the United Nations Relief and Works Agency—UNRWA—brings in three thousand tons of food every month, enough for a basic ration of sixteen hundred calories per person per day. But even of the remaining, ninety odd thousand people the permanent residents of Gaza and district who are entitled to get no less than only thousand have been on partial relief. They draw supplementary rations from CARE, the private co-operative that distributes aid to starving people all over the free world.

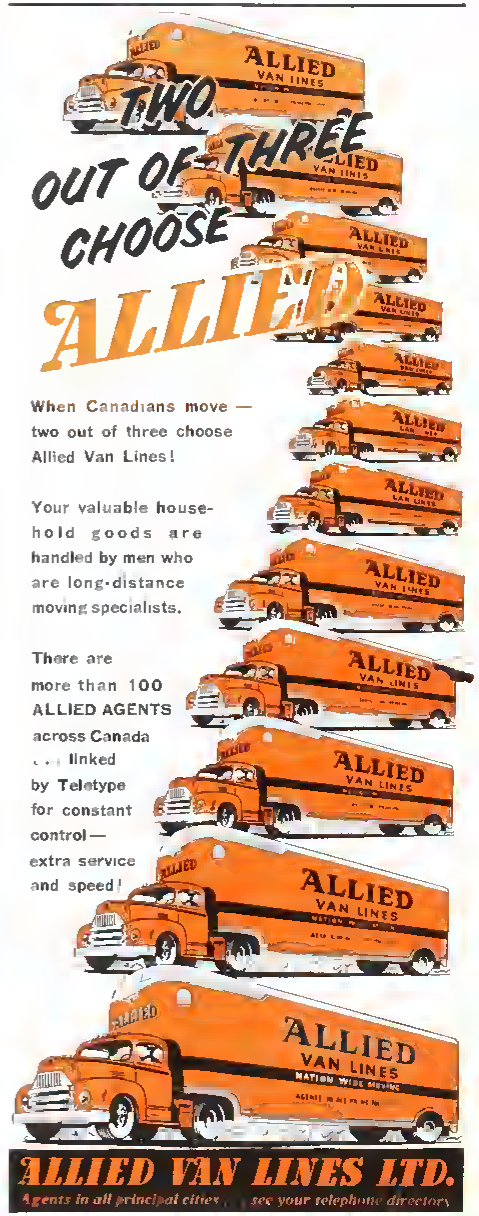
CARE's program in Gaza is not one of private charity as it is in most parts of the world. Here by agreement with Egypt and then with Israel, CARE has been handing out some of the mountains of surplus food created by the United States farm price support program. An American law stipulates that this food must be provided free of charge and only to "needy people." The population of Gaza certainly meets the specification.

Theoretically the sixty thousand who get CARE's supplement ration are those who lost all or part of their normal livelihood when the neighbouring farmlands went to Israel in the war eight years ago. Few people believe that all of them really qualify by this or any other formal test. Then real qualification needs no more proof than their homes, their garments and their faces. It is simply poverty.

Most ancient cities even in the Middle East retain some shred of local or former grandeur. Gaza does not. The old city of the Philistines is a cramped, evil, Arab town of dusty streets and grimy shops. What its people have lived on let all their contributors a puzzle to the casual observer, but apparently they have not lived well.

In this environment CARE does not ask for any questions about the history and background of the twenty-five thousand children and expectant mothers to whom it gives two extra glasses of milk each day, or the families who get weekly rations of cheese and fish and cornmeal. Neither does UNRWA worry too much about taking census of the refugee camps, where 216,000 ration cards are officially deemed to represent 216,000 human mouths.

Of course, the figures are padded, as everybody admits. It is a wry joke in the Middle East that refugee camps continued on page 45



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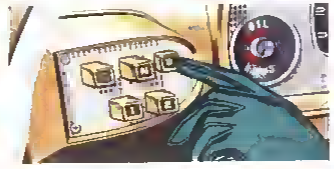
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BLAIR FRASER . . .

REPORTS FROM ISRAEL . . .



Maclean's Ottawa Editor

Beginning an extended tour of the crisis centres of the Middle East and Europe, Canada's best-known political reporter records his on-the-spot impressions from the seething caldron of Israel

JERUSALEM—Whatever misgiving others feel about the operations against Egypt no doubts rack Israel. With astonishing unanimity the people here believe their own attack was necessary and that, however the United Nations may wither the fruits of victory, it was nevertheless successful and a net gain for Israel.

Everyone from the taximen and shopkeepers to the highest officials at the Foreign Office echoes this conviction. At all levels the most common reason given is the simplest: we can sleep at night now.

The visitor to smiling, bustling and seemingly prosperous Israel tends not to realize how pervasive is the background of danger. Even before the citizen soldiers came home from the week of war in the Sinai file in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv was back to normal. Merchants advertising Hanukkah gifts, crowds filling the movie theatres, farmers harvesting oranges and planting winter crops all give the picture of business as usual. The visitor has to be reminded that in this region danger has been equal too.

Israel reckons that in the eight years since the armistice with the Arab nations she lost 450 killed and a thousand wounded along the six-hundred-mile border. A senior official of the Defense Department in Tel Aviv said: "My wife was afraid to answer the doorbell at night. Our house is a few miles from the centre of the city but the Fedayeen [the so-called commandos trained by the Egyptian Army for murder] have killed people almost that far from the border. Now she feels safe."

She has, of course, little reason to feel safe. Actually there is no solid ground for the belief that the Sinai campaign has quieted the border. It has often been quiet for longer than the brief tense interval after the Sinai fighting stopped. Even in November, while the Israelis still held all the territory they had won, and while Gaza was still under strict military rule, Fedayeen from Jordan blew up the railway near Beersheba in the heart of southern Israel.

The popular feeling of relief and security is merely an emotional expression of triumph and pride at the Israeli victory. But the realists who know this still claim the war brought Israel certain permanent benefits:

1. It forestalled an Egyptian attack which, whether imminent or not, the Israelis believed was certain to come. The huge quantity of material they captured bears out this belief.

2. It exposed Nasser's pretensions as captain of the Arab resurgence and showed Egyptian military strength to be as contemptible as ever. The Israelis hope they've thus shattered the combination of their Arab neighbors which was their worst nightmare.

continued over page

Fraser watched Prime Minister Ben-Gurion swallow his words:

"We shall not humble ourselves before the powerful forces of the world when justice is not on their side."





BEFORE INVADING EGYPT ISRAELI RAIDERS STRUCK THE JORDAN BORDER

"Was it the warning from Britain that deterred Israel from attacking Jordan? Or were the Israeli moves a masterpiece of military deception?"

SINAI ACTION IS FOLLOWED BY BEN-GURION AND GEN. DAYAN IN PLANE.

"To Israeli leaders it's crystal clear that Col. Nasser is just a Soviet stooge and they believe the free world should back Israel to the hilt."



3. It broke the Egyptian blockade of the southern port of Eilat, of which many Westerners are only half aware but which the Israeli consider more important than Suez. This gain was still held at the time of writing and if they can maintain it in the long run it may be the greatest benefit of all.

On the Arab side of Jerusalem, not surprisingly, precisely opposite opinions are held with equal confidence and equal evidence of good faith. Nasser emerges in almost any conversation there not as a swashbuckling patriot but as a hero. The accepted version not merely among the illiterate masses but among educated people is that the Egyptians fought well and were preparing a riposte against an Israeli sneak attack when they were stabbed in the back by the British and French. Once a hundred million people entered the fight against them Nasser had no chance and his military defeat involved no shame.

On the contrary the resistance that Egypt offered and its enlistment of the sympathy of the overwhelming majority of the United Nations make the Arab cause seem stronger than ever just across the line of demarcation.

For its part the only doubt Israel feels is not about the ultimate result. There is some disappointment for at first, of course, Israel had hoped for a quick and conclusive victory. It hoped this would fulfill the dream of a stable peace with the Arabs and recognition of Israel's existence.

It was a moment of national exultation when Prime Minister Ben Gurion—Mr. Israel as never before—proclaimed in the Knesset (parliament) that the armistice lines no longer had validity and that foreign force would not be tolerated in any area occupied by Israel. The summit of Israel's national pride was voiced in Ben Gurion's peroration: "We shall not humble ourselves before the powerful forces of the world when justice is not on their side."

Within thirty-six hours the old lion ate his proud words. Under pressure from those "powerful forces" he disavowed Israel's intent to hold on to the Sinai and agreed to withdraw his forces from Egypt. The nation's disappointment was as bitter as Ben Gurion's own—but no more so. In a matter of days the people accepted the diplomatic defeat on top of the military victory and trusted Ben Gurion to give away as little as possible for as much as possible.

I sat in the press gallery of the Knesset when Ben Gurion closed the debate on a censure motion by the Herut party, an extremist group stemming from the Irgun Zvai Leumi terrorist assassins of the days of the British mandate. I didn't need to understand Hebrew to realize that the old man was neither dismayed nor apologetic. Speaking softly and gently, his bushy white hair like a halo around his gleaming bald head and calm brow, he brushed aside the Herut motion without effort and without heat. He summed up for the defense with a quotation from Spinoza: "Courage is the knowledge when to fear and when not to fear."

The Knesset knew what Israel had to fear. Russia had threatened air attack and the United States had warned that no help would be forthcoming. Even more effective was the American threat to cut the economic umbilical cord and produce immediate bankruptcy. Israel earns only one third of its imports, the remainder are bought partly from German reparations ending soon and partly from American aid both public and private. The donations would be easily throttled if the United States declared them non-deductible from income tax. Between them two great powers had Israel by the throat.

Ben Gurion had already explained this at a secret session attended by all parties except the Communists. Apparently only the Herut members were unconvinced. No other party backed the motion of censure for the Sinai withdrawal and the debate was a triumph for the Ben Gurion government. Indeed, even the Herut opposition seemed rather halfhearted.

Menachem Begin, the Herut leader, looks like a small-town lawyer, which he is, and not at all like the former chief of an underground movement dedicated to political murder, which he also is. I called on him one Sabbath evening in his modest Tel Aviv flat which was swarming with neighborly guests of all ages. We withdrew to his study for our

continued on page 36



EGYPTIANS TEST CZECH WEAPONS.

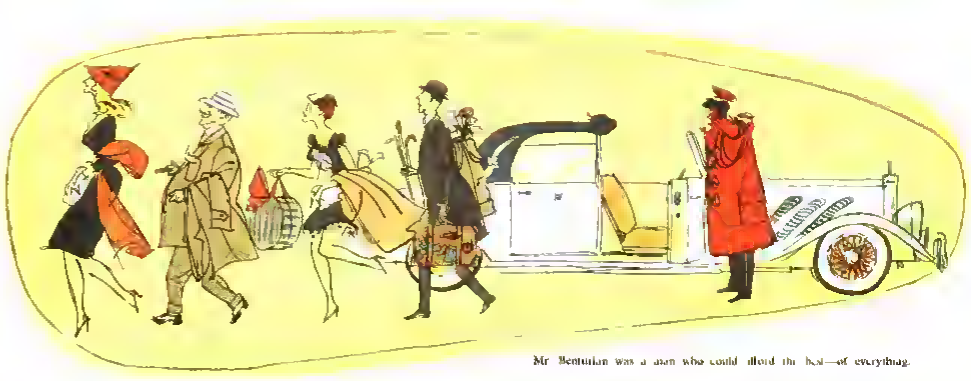
"Captured Soviet arms prove Red penetration of the Middle East."

IN THE CANAL ZONE YOUNG ISRAELIS REJOICE.

"One senior official told me that Britain and France had misled their own business that Israel would now hold the Suez Canal from end to end."







Mr Benturian was a man who could afford the best—of everything.

Mr. Benturian and the beautiful palimpsest

Some paintings made Mademoiselle nervous; others caused unpleasantness at the customs house. So it behooved a connoisseur to exercise caution and even guile when choosing a work of art

By Donald Heiney

ILLUSTRATED BY OSKAR

THE Benturians arrived in Florence shortly before noon, drove straight to the Savoia and took a suite with connecting rooms for the maid and the secretary. As soon as the Mercedes had been put away in the garage and the suitcases had been unpacked, Mr Benturian and Mlle Seraphique changed into afternoon clothes and went off to lunch at Baldini's.

Their entry provoked universal admiration. Mr Benturian, his greying mustache neatly trimmed, wore an alpaca suit, a black string tie and a Panama hat with the brim turned down all around. He had achieved the ultimate dignity possible to a gentleman who is only five feet five inches tall and whose stomach has grown slightly too large. As for Mlle Séraphique, Jas she had continued to think of herself in préfarchaz to the matronly sounding Madame Benturian), she wore a black Balmain afternoon dress with a sweeping neckline and, as far as anyone could tell, very little else. Her face was virtually hidden under a cone-shaped Dalbe hat that came down to the very end of her nose, and which she wore for two reasons: first because it was very smart, and second because she was sulking at Mr Benturian for taking her off to Florence when all she wanted to do was stay in Paris and go to the spring collections. Mr Benturian, on the other hand, felt that Mlle Seraphique's physical being was quite splendid enough as it was.

He was a man who could afford the best, and who knew and appreciated it when he saw it. The fact that he had been forced to resort to marriage to acquire this extravagant and exquisitely irrational mechanism bothered him not at all. At the same time, he had the insight to realize that Mlle Seraphique might still be improved in certain inward matters. She had no appreciation of art—for example, and she lacked the historical viewpoint.

After all, he told her as they picked up their menus, it is all part of one's education. Paris is all very well, but Florence is a beautiful city too. Let me see, would you like *minestrone* or chilled *vichyssoise*?

"How can you see the Ponta Vecchio by staying in Paris? Or the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore with a dome by Brunelleschi and a tower by Giotto? And then there is the beautiful Italian language. You should really take an interest in languages, my dear; it is useful in speaking to the waiters. Waiter, *vichyssoise*, for the lady, and *minestrone* for myself. *Vivo*, I will order the entrée later. You see how easy it is? It is only French very badly mispronounced.

The Italians are a wonderful people. To them art is as easy as sneezing. Waiter, *somma tua* water. How do you say that in Italian? *Dell'acqua ghiaccia*. There is no

continued on page 30

"I pray you do not tell anyone," he muttered.



"Paint another painting on top of it," said Mr Benturian. "I understand," said the Versatile Painter.



What's it like being married to a genius?

Three years ago

actress Suzanne Cloutier, of

Ottawa, married an

actor

director

producer

novelist

essayist

linguist

artist

worst-dressed man in England.

His name is Peter Ustinov.

Here's what life's

like in a three-ring circus

By Marjorie Earl

PHOTOS BY FELIX FONTEYN

Genius at home: Ustinov can't be bothered shaving won't dress up distrusts his own success but loves clowning "Life is happy all the time" says Suzanne

Just as **Suzanne Cloutier** was winning recognition as one of Canada's most promising actresses she became the wife of Peter Ustinov the most versatile young dramatist to emerge in England since Noel Coward rose to fame. This marriage nearly three years ago cost the daughter of Edmond Cloutier the Queen's Printer in Canada the brilliant career predicted for her since 1945 when at seventeen she left Ottawa for New York Hollywood Paris Rome and London. But she is content for the hectic happy and hilarious drama of Suzanne Cloutier housewife must by all the standards be judged a better show than any of the twelve plays or seven films that made the reputation of Suzanne Cloutier actress.

Since the February morning in 1954 when the Canadian girl married the product of a French German Russian heredity and an English environment the scene of their domestic drama has shifted between London Hollywood and Europe. Its more or less permanent backdrop is an eighteenth-century brick house in the arty London borough of Chelsea. A brown plaque to the left of the front door informs rubbernecks that "Ellen Terry the great actress lived here." This fragment of information seems incomplete to say the least since the present owner is not only an outstanding actor of stage screen radio and television but a dramatist screen writer director producer novelist essayist musician artist inspired comedian and a longhair figuratively and literally.

Being married to Peter is a career" says Suzanne.

The late James Agate drama critic of the Sunday Times once acclaimed Ustinov as "the greatest master of stagecraft writing in England." This is debatable but no one can deny that he is prolific. In sixteen years he has written twenty plays (he will acknowledge only the twelve that have been produced) two novels six screen plays and an incalculable number of radio and television shows cabaret turns speeches and essays the latter ranging in subject matter from child care to motor racing from how to get along with the Russians to how to behave when engaged to be married.

Occasionally his plays which bring him royalties from sixteen countries are mercilessly panned. But as a rule critics use words like "tantalizing" and "riotously funny." Ravened with complaints against intellectualism and diffuseness. He crams six plots into one play and ten ideas into one speech" one critic said about his current play Romanoff and Juliet a mad but successful mixture of serious drama political satire and farce. In free adaptation of Shakespeare's theme the lovers in Ustinov's play are the children of the Russian and American ambassadors to a minute mythical democracy which is unwilling to sign pacts that might jeopardize its historical role of maintaining the balance of feebleness in Europe.

Ustinov's acting even when hammy is invariably rated in the range of good to great. In Romanoff and Juliet he plays an overdressed general who as president of his tiny country must convince the hostile ambassadors that he is not anti-Russian or anti-American just anti big. In one scene Ustinov causes a riot in the auditorium by saying nothing for ninety-two seconds. He limits the action to delicate almost imperceptible movements of his fingers ankles and facial muscles.

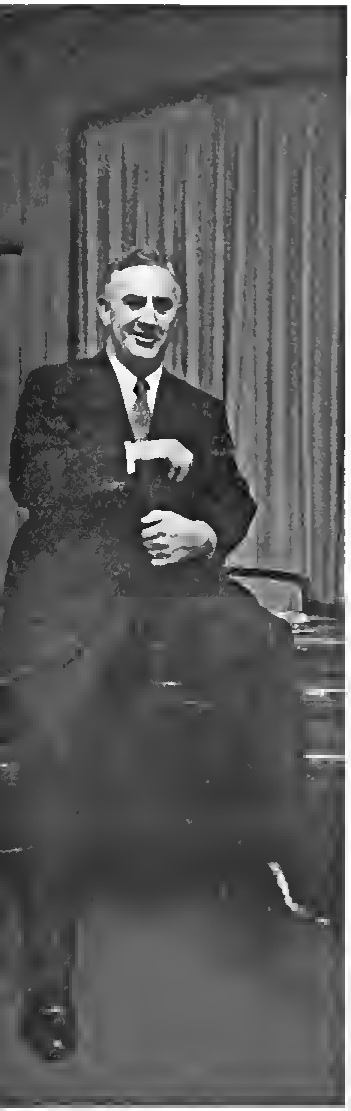
Both play and performance are characteristic. As a writer Ustinov is didactic a moralist who thumps his pulpit with **continued on page 34**



Genius in the nursery: Ustinov swaps Chinese with daughter French with wife and jokes with son Igor



Genius in the theatre: He's a rabid TV fan watches it even between theatre acts. One critic suggested the BBC fire everybody and let Ustinov run the show



McMahon's smile comes natural—he never worries. As a wildcat driller he once put up his last $100 for a lease, then borrowed $20,000 and struck it rich.

Frank McMahon's five lucky lives

He turned a spectacular oil-well fire into a bananza.

He dated the odds to run natural gas through B. C. He stumbled into a vogue tor vodka. His horses win for him and even as a Broadway angel he's had hits

BY McKENZIE PORTER



McMahon's leek held when Atlantic No. 3 caeght fire. Fire photos attracted investors.

Frnocis Morray Patrick McMahon, a worldly eewcomer to that grow eg company of men whose .eames are news on both the front peges and the financral pages, owes the beginnings of his fortune paradoxeelly enough to a disastrous fire. The blaze at his famous Atlantic No. 3 oil well in Ledue Albclta in 1948—the "wild well" as the headlines called it—consumed more then e million dollars worth of petroleum. But McMahon loand his loss transformed into a gain.

Pietures of the fire, published in newspapers all over the world, gave flaming proof to eves lors of the abnndant oil below McMehan's drilling rigs. A tidal bore of eapital flowed into his holding corporation, Pecific Petroleams Limited of Calgary. "Pacific Pete," as the company is affect onnicly known to thirteen thousand shureholders, was ahle to nndertake e program of exploration lind development of such dimensions thet it became a major power in the west's booming oil ndustry.

Whatever Frank McMahon has done since then has been similarly star kissed. His race horses, instead of proving a costly hobby, are a profitable sideline. When he decided to beck a Broadwey musical, a notoriously risky gamble, he ehose The Pajama Game, the biggest box- offlee success between Soath Pacific and My Fair Lady. After he lonnded Alberta Distillers Ltd. in Calgary, he started prodaeing vodka just in time to make e killing out of a New York er.ze for two vodka cocktails, the Moscow Mule and the Bloody Mery.

McMahon, whose second wife is the former Betty Betz, a pretty American designer of teen-age fishions, twenty years his junior, is reputed to be worth more thea twenty million dollars. He shows no inclination to keep it all. When his deeghter was married two and a hall veirs ago he gave her the most lavish wedding Calgary had ever seen. He even tried to hire and fly out from England Mentovani's band, one of the most expensive in the world.

His latest business enterprise cost a hundred end eighty million dollars, not all of it of course McM-hon's. Its end product wes a gas pipeline, snaking over seven hnndred miles of British Columbia from the Peace River country to the United States border. It represents his single-h nded victory in a ten-yeer battle for franchise over some of the most powerful political, legal and finaneial interests on this continent.

Last spring McMahon's sensational offer to build entirely with private lnnds e three-hundred-and-fifty million-doll r gas pipeline now being laid with the aid of government loans provoked a pessing tempest in the House of Commons. Later McMahon withdrew the offer with the public explanation thet he was too busily occupied with



McMahon's home is lexeenos New York apartment he shares with wife Betty, plus e Calgary mansion, plus four hotel suites. He also sleeps in his plane

other projects. Some industrialists believe however that McMahon was bluffing, and that his bleff wes called by Trade and Commerce Minister C. D. Howe.

Meeting McMahon today in his magnificent New York apartment on Park Avenue, in the Hollywood Turf Clnb, in his permanent privata suite in the Chatean Laurier in Ottawa or in the swimming pool of his Calgary home, few people would suspect that for twenty years he was just another big fisted diamond driller.

A well-preserved man of fifty-four, he is so impressive in eppearance that recently he had to turn down—because of his seat on the board of Alberta Distillers Ltd.—an invitation to pose for one of those adverusements run by Lord Calvert whisky, nnder the heading "Men of Distinction."

His heir is greying at the temples in the manner commonly associated with wealth. Inecage and dignity, his fesferes, though rugged, are regular and patrician; his speech is well modnlated and articulate; his clothes are fenitless in cut, color and quality. It is only when McMahon spreads his impish Irish grin that he gives a hint of his humble origins, his democratic philosophy and the flamboyant streak in his nature.

Thet streek has imperted an air of fantasy to McMahon's activates ever since the middle Thirties when he stopped working for a diamond driller's wages and, with his younger brothers George and John, floated a small exploration company called West Turner Petroleums. For four years the company searched for oil in the Turner Valley of Alberta and drilled one dry hole after another. By 1938 West Turner's treasury was so low that McMehon didn't know where to turn for the twenty thousand dollars he needed to buy an eighty-acre lot on which to continue operations. He got an option on the land by putting down his last hundred dollers, an act that deprived him of cash he'd set aside for badly needed repairs to the plnmbing in his Calgary home. The option enabled him to raise the twenty thoesand. Drilling wes resumed and in 1939 McMehon made his first oil strike. "That was a beautiful sight," he says today. The well came in at thirty-two thousand barrels a day. After that I started rolling."

McMahon bought up two small companies in 1939 and put them with West Turner under the control of a holding corporation named Pacific Petroleums Ltd.

Pac he Pete's opportunity came in 1947 shortly after Imperial Oil Ltd. had drilled the discovery well in the Leduc field of Alberta. McMahon was one of the first to rush into the field and try to shere Imperial's new found wealth by buying up and drilling edjacent properties. He discovered e farmer named John Rebus whose family had settled in Leduc before 1887, when the Alberta government began to retain mineral rights under all crown lands it sold or gave to newcomers. As owner of the oil rights nnder his land John Rebus was an exception among the Leduc farmers. Since his land was so near to Imperial Oil's he was also on the brink of riches.

Bet Rebus e phlegmatic man in his middle thirties, at first was t interested. When McMahon approached him in the name of Canadian Atlantic Oil e subsidiary of Pacific Pete, and tried to buy oil rights to a quarter section, Rebus in the presence of his Scottish wife said: "I don't want oil rigs here because I want to go on farming like my family's always done."

"Bet you'll be able to go on farming," said McMehon. "Once the wells are drilled there'll be nothing showing on the ground but e few pipes. There'll be no mess or danger. When we've finished you'll hardly know we've been here."

Rebns shook his head.

"I'll give you two hnndred thousand dollars for the oil rights," said McMahon.

Go awey," said Rebns.

"I'll also give you," said McMahon, "twelve and e hall perceent of all the oil we get."

"You're crazy," said Rebus. "What do I want with oil?"

I'll write you the chenua right now," said McMahon.

"Look, mister," said Rebus quietly. "The only thing this family needs right now is a new kitchen stove."

"I'll throw in a kitchen stove," said McMahon.

Rebus grinned. McMehon grinned back. And Rebes said: "Okay, it's a deal."

One bleak day in March 1948 a plnme of oil spurted up from a corner of the Rebus property and McMahon's drillers shouted excitantly. The gusher was named Atlantic No. 3. But it was no ordinary gusher. Released from aeons of tremendous pressere the rampant oil spewed over the surrounding landscape at the rete of twelve thonsand barrels a day. Scores of laborers hired by McMahon threw dikes around the oil in an attempt to open it in a forty-

continued on page 39



McMahon's spending is legendary. When daughter Merion married in Calgary he flew guests from all over the continent, spent $20,000 on the party.

HE'S A DOG DRIVER



Right up to June Father Brown tends his flock by dog team with a kayak (just in case) and moccasins to protect dogs

HE'S A FISHERMAN



Storing winter food for dogs—seven pounds each per day

HE'S AN ARCHITECT

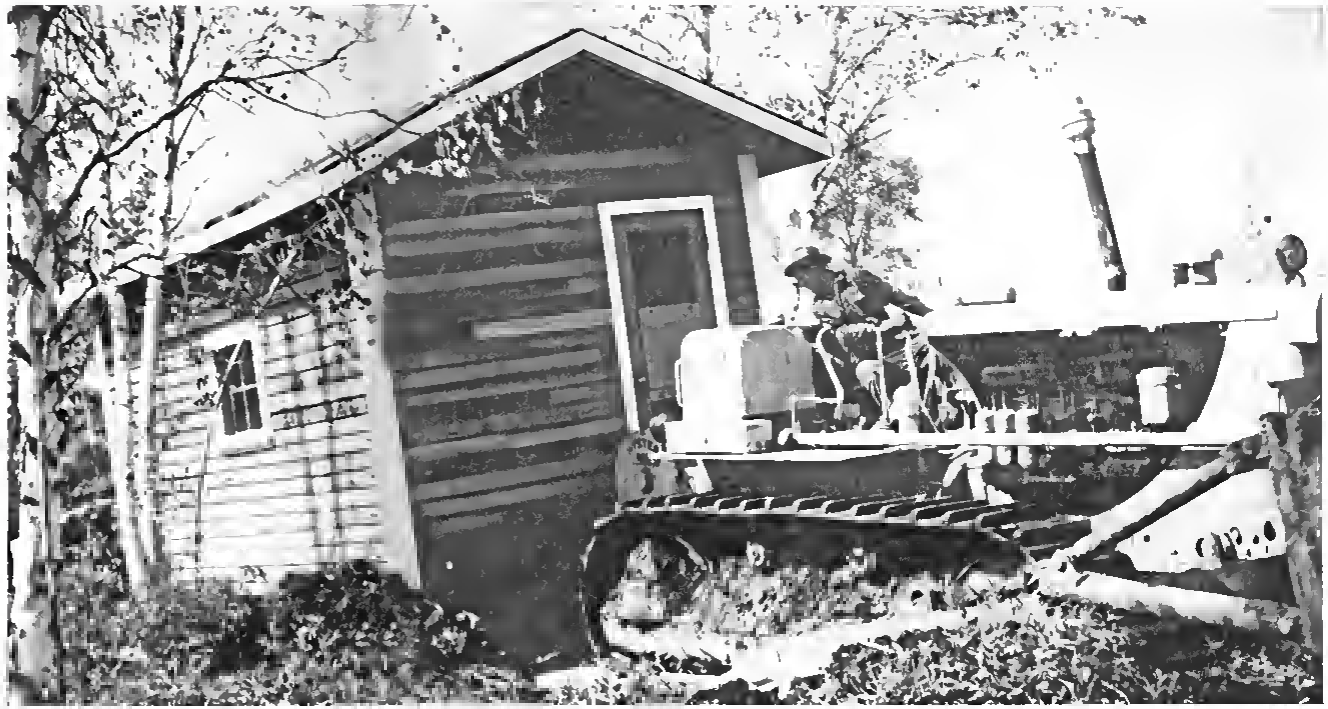


He designed a mission for Camsell Portage then built it.

HE'S A MISSIONARY



In Arctic parish he prays for 1 000 Indians and Eskimos.



HE'S A FRONTIER BUILDER Father Brown's shack was first to move from old Aklavik to a new townsite forty five miles away with the priest (above) doing the work He commutes between the towns

The checkered career of an Arctic priest

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

He's Father Bernard Brown, of Aklavik . . . who's also an editor, hunter, artist and minstrel. **See his own rare pictorial record on the next four pages ▶**



Sometime this month a handsome man in a caribou skin parka will drive his Huskies along the winding Mackenzie delta channels into the town of Aklavik. Here in a varnished room of the Catholic mission house he will crank from a battered mimeograph machine five hundred copies of Canada's northernmost newspaper. Shortly afterward 2,700 miles to the southeast Canadian federal officials will read of their shortcomings in the pungent prose of Father Bernard Brown, an American.

Father Brown is an Oblate of Mary the Immaculate—a venturesome order of priests who devote their lives to the poor in the remote places of the world — the rain forests of Africa, the jungles along the Amazon the Sahara the Bolivian mountains. There are 263 of these Oblate priests and 115 lay brothers scattered across the Canadian north in 205 missions. "Commandos of the Pope" they are called. "Specialists in difficult missions."

They came down the Mackenzie a hundred years ago part missionaries part explorers. They shot the rapids in frail canoes, tramped alone across the tundra starved and were stranded, lived by their guns slept in dugouts of snow and munched on the heads of frozen fish in reeking native tents while they built their churches with their own hands.

All these things they do today for the Arctic is little changed. A onetime art student, Father Brown is at times a carpenter hunter fisherman, dog driver dog breeder architect minstrel machinist photographer prospector and — his best known role—writer editor and publisher of the monthly Aklavik Journal sold in trading posts up and down the delta.

Today Aklavik is really two towns — old and new — situated forty five miles apart in the Mackenzie River delta. Father Brown divides his time between them. He lives in the new Aklavik and publishes his Journal in the old Aklavik and serves the natives scattered between the two towns as well. The original Aklavik sprawls on a bend of the Peel Channel one of the many mouths of the Mackenzie. It's hemmed in by swamps and the river and has no more room to grow so government workers are building a new Aklavik thirty miles to the east. But the wealth of the delta — an average of 270,000 muskrat skins a year — still pours into the clutter of frame houses log cabins and shacks of the old Aklavik to make it the largest shopping centre in the Arctic and perhaps the world's greatest fur trading post. The trappers who outfit there—Indians Eskimos, metis bearded English remittance men Nordics married to natives recluses and once even a Fiji Islander — make the old town a melting pot of races.

Seven hundred people live in old Aklavik. Two thirds of them are natives barely out of the Stone Age, and Father Brown opposes the government's efforts to bring **continued on page 27**



Father Brown's favorite photo subjects—his durable sled dogs

How an Arctic priest sees his parish

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FATHER BERNARD BROWN OMI

The pictures on these and the following pages are equal in quality, technique and artistry to anything Maclean's has published by professional photographers, but they were made by a rank amateur. The cameraman is Father Bernard Brown, the Oblate missionary described by Alan Phillips on the previous page. They belong to a collection of more than five thousand color transparencies that the priest has built up during his years in the Canadian north. None of these photographs has ever been published before.

Most of these photographs were made north of the Arctic Circle in the area of Great Bear Lake, the lower Mackenzie River, Aklavik and the Arctic coast. Whether dealing with the human emotions of the people who make up his flock or the arabesque designs of the land itself, Father Brown shows that he has not forgotten the art training he underwent before he entered the priesthood ten years ago in Buffalo.

Indian children at Hooker Bay have fun imitating their elders in a drum dance around the fire.





Aklavik's visitors as well as natives pose for him. This is a Mackenzie river-boat cook.



The priest photographed this wistful looking child undergoing TB treatment at Port Radium.

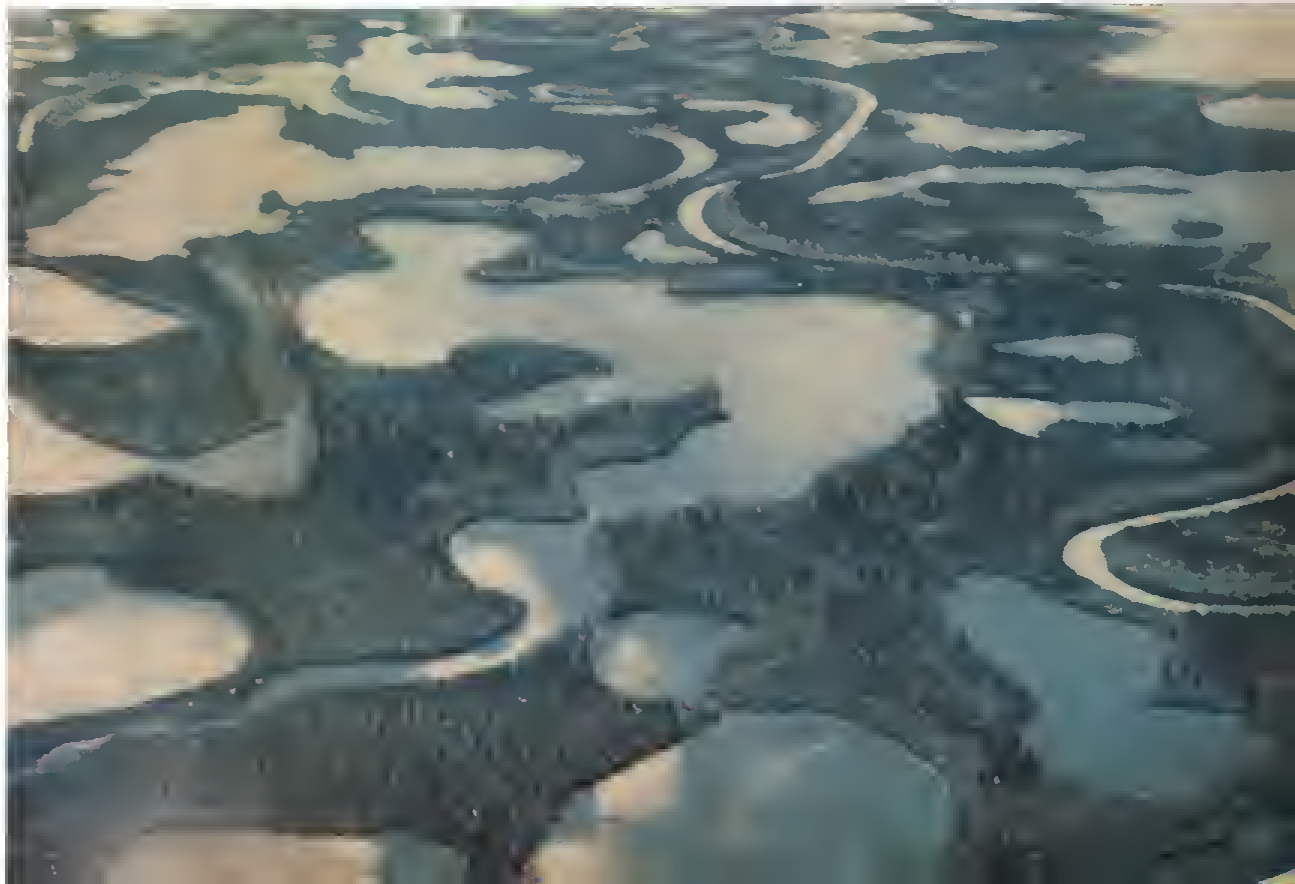


Beauties of the north include natives like Doll Lennie, a half Eskimo girl at Bear River Rapids.



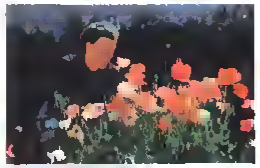
The hard life of the north is etched in the face of this elderly Indian woman at Fort Franklin.

This maze of land and water where the Mackenzie pushes through the last land barrier to the Arctic, like water through a sponge, is a part of Father Brown's parish





This bleak action picture of a caribou hunt was taken by Father Brown at Great Bear Lake.



Summer in the Arctic. A housewife at Norman Wells poses happily in the splendor of her poppy garden



Autumn in the Arctic—it's short and often cruel. The priest fishes right up to freeze-up to feed his dogs during winter



Arctic girls learn early to carry younger kin

Arctic boys at Fort Chipewyan serve at the altar for Oblate priests.





A NEW CRUCIBLE OF WEALTH—OR DEATH—IN THE NORTH In this cold and eerie light of an Arctic moon Father Brown photographed the site of the Eldorado mine at Port Radium which provided the material for the first atomic bomb.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 5, 1957

CLYDE GILMOUR PICKS THE BEST AND WORST Movies of 1956

THE gigantic motion-picture industry was loitering a little weakened by loss of blood as a result of beneficial surgery as it entered 1957. But there was plenty of evidence indicating that the patient would survive and flourish, even if somewhat shrunken by amputations.

Throughout Canada and the United States neighborhood movie houses suffered in 1956 and a few more of them had to close their doors. Many of them, however, managed to keep right on attracting the customers in substantial numbers, especially with shrewdly balanced double bills more entertaining than the free shows on television. In the big first-run theatres there was an intensification of a pattern already visible in 1954 and 1955: the smashers did sensational business, the flops flopped more dismally than ever; sure-fire quakies quickly fizzled out.

While in Hollywood I learned that one of the largest studios didn't have a single production before the cameras on the home lots. There was talk—increasingly prevalent by the year's end—of economical mergers of studio facilities. Yet this same company had half a dozen important pictures being made on location, some to remote corners of the world. More and more screen stars were becoming independent producers themselves instead of staying under contract to individual studios as in the past. Thus much of the apparent inactivity in Hollywood was illusory; the town and the industry were changing, and some of the change would be painful, but nothing like the agonies of death.

As for TV, most of the studios that formerly fought it or ignored it are now milking it for revenue by selling or leasing to it their own top-quality oldies, and by making films for it. "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em" is still a cardinal slogan among the tycoons.

Gratifyingly, 1956 brought a leveling off in the Gimmick Race, the frenzied technological sweepstakes. CinemaScope, VistaVision, Todd-AO, Cinerama and "ordinary" widescreen appeared to have settled down to solvent coexistence. But a new trend arose to replace the Gimmick Race: movies that might not be better than ever but anyway *longer* than ever, running well over three hours instead of the former average of eighty or ninety minutes. Presumably this was intended to offer the ticket buyers super-duper whoppers beyond the reach of TV—but it didn't always work out to full specifications.

Cecil B. DeMille's mammoth new version of **The Ten Commandments** had dull patches in spite of the sublimity of its subject, and so did **War and Peace** and **Giant**, for all their visual splendor. However, Mike Todd's flamboyant production of **Around the World in 80 Days**, which opened in New York in October but by mid-December still hadn't been seen in Canada, proved to be a really dwarfing chunk of frankly escapist entertainment. It was worth every minute of the three hours it takes to sit through.

No two critics—and not two customers, either—ever come up with identical lists of the Best and Worst Movies of the Year. My own choices are as shown on these pages, including an unhesitating vote for Sir Laurence Olivier's production of Shakespeare's **Richard III** as 1956's foremost screen attraction. I believe it will be studied and enjoyed long after most of the year's sallow-gold output has been permanently retired to the dusty shelves.

Nominating **The Spoilers** as the year's worst was easier than usual. An utterly satanic villain and an utterly angelic hero grappled interminably for possession of an utterly unblemished heroine, while a noble installment dog joined in against the forces of evil. And the same story had been filmed *four* times before!





[illegible] R.V. Bond [illegible] noted. The Spoilers proved grotesque—but not enough [illegible] to be amusing."

THESE WERE THE 10 WORST

The Spoilers	Satellite in the Sky
Jesebel and Man	The Conqueror
Odongo	Dance Little Lady
Charley Moon	The Naked Hills
Lets Make Up	Crime in the Streets

These scored individual zeros

WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTOR Fred MacMurray in The Rains of Ranchipur

WORST PERFORMANCE BY AN ACTRESS Rhonda Fleming in Odongo

WORST SINGING By Frank Lane in Meet Me in Las Vegas, although the picture as a whole was a dandy

SILLIEST DIALOGUE Maureen O'Hara to Iovan speech to Roy Holland in Lisbon: "I was doing all right until you came along and kissed me. You hit my lip and I bled all night. I wouldn't let it stop."

THESE WERE THE 10 BEST

1 Richard III
"Producer-director Sir Laurence Olivier turned Shakespeare's violent melodrama into a magnificent film better than the play. Olivier's own performance was a lesson to all other actors."



2 The King and I
"Best of Hollywood's treatments of Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musicals featured Deborah Kerr."



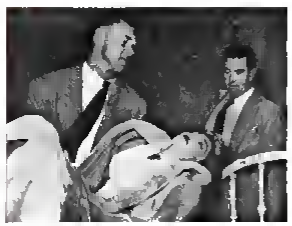
3 Around the World in 80 Days
"Producer Mike Todd based this immensely entertaining globetrotter on the Jules Verne novel."



4 Private's Progress
"Funniest military comedy this mocking British opus starred Ian Carmichael as a mild warrior."



5 The Man Who Never Was
"This British spy thriller was based on a story first published in North America by Maclean's."



6 The Killing
"With this acutely acrid crime drama Stanley Kubrick became the year's most promising new director."



7 The Solid Gold Cadillac
Judy Holliday was the lamb who terrorized business wolves in Hollywood's best comedy.



8 The Ladykillers
Alastair Sim took Alec Guinness mat his match in Katie Johnson in this British comedy-thriller."



9 The Prisoner
"An entirely different Alec Guinness was the brain-washed cardinal in this literate tragedy."



10 The Court Jester
"Thin in patches, Danny Kaye's sword-opera burlesque was gloriously funny in its best."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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Now you can have fast, easy, and home permanents with that well groomed salon professional appearance. Cara Nome is so easy to use—saves you money.

REGULAR—GENTLE—SUPER
LITTLE GIRL—PIN CURL
Each only $1.75

Leaves unusually lustrous easily-to-set hair soft and shining clean. For normal oily or dry hair. Buy the 12 oz. bottle and save 98¢ over the same quantity in smaller bottles. 12 oz. $1.75

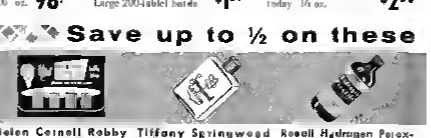
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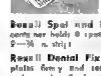
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1956 MOVIES CONTINUED /

Gilmour acclaims these 1956 shows and stars

BEST CANADIAN FILM: The Shepherd, a twelve-minute documentary filmed on a sheep ranch near Kamloops, B.C., directed by Ishan Biggs, photographed by John Foster, a National Film Board production.

BEST ACTOR: Sir Laurence Olivier in **Richard III.**

BEST ACTRESS: Deborah Kerr in **The King and I.**

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR: Anthony Quinn as Gauguin in **Lust for Life.**

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS: Katie Johnson as old Mrs. Wilberforce in **The Ladykillers.**

BEST DIRECTOR: Sir Laurence Olivier in **Richard III.**

BEST PRODUCER: Michael Todd, in **Around the World in 80 Days.**

BEST SCRIPT WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR SCREEN: **The Ladykillers,** by William Rose.

BEST SCRIPT ADAPTED FOR SCREEN: **Around the World in 80 Days,** by S. J. Perelman from the novel by Jules Verne.

MOST IMPROVED ACTOR OR ACTRESS: Debbie Reynolds in **The Catered Affair.**

BEST SCIENCE FICTION FILM: **Forbidden Planet.**

VASTEST EPIC: **The Ten Commandments.**

SHAPELIEST LEGS (SENIOR DIVISION): Those of Ginger Rogers in **Teenage Rebel.**

BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOR: **War and Peace,** by Jack Cardiff.

BEST PHOTOGRAPHY IN BLACK-AND-WHITE: **The Killing,** by Lucien Ballard.

BEST MUSICAL NUMBER: The Small House of Uncle Thomas ballet in **The King and I,** with narration by Rita Moreno, choreography by Jerome Robbins. (Runner-up: Frankie and Johnny ballet in **Meet Me in Las Vegas.**)

MOST TERRIFYING VILLAIN: The "Id" monster from the subconscious in **Forbidden Planet.** (Runner-up: Paul Meurisse as the "murdered" but eerily active school principal in French shocker **Diabolique.**)

BEST SINGING: Gordon MacRae in **Carousel.**





Most promising newcomers

Anthony Perkins as the Quaker lad in **Friendly Persuasion.** Swiss-born Elisabeth Mueller in **The Power and the Prize.**



Best juvenile

Jacqueline Ryan as the Irish daughter of a tippling father in **Jacqueline.**



Best foreign films

The Lust Ten Days (Austria), above; **La Strada** (Italy); **Marcelino** (Spain); **Diabolique** (France).



Shapeliest legs

Those of Cyd Charisse in **Meet Me in Las Vegas.** Runners-up: Mitzi Gaynor's in **Anything Goes.**

Among other performances Gilmour especially enjoyed



Irene Papas



Elisha Cook and Mercy Windsor



Lorne Greene



Giulietta Masina

Stephen Boyd as the icy Irish spy in **The Man Who Never Was.** Edward Andrews as the psychotic papa in **The Unguarded Moment.** David Niven as the globe-girdling Phileas Fogg in **Around the World in 80 Days.** Kirk Douglas as Vincent Van Gogh in **Lust for Life.** Kenneth More as the legless airmen Douglas Bader in **Reach for the Sky.** Yul Brynner as the Siamese monarch in **The King and I.** Carroll Baker as the title role exotic in **Baby Doll.** Eddie Albert as the garden-mad enemy psychiatrist in **The Teahouse of the August Moon.** Gary Cooper as the high-spirited Quaker in **Friendly Persuasion.** Burl Ives as the old tycoon in **The Power and the Prize.** Lee Marvin as the city colonel politician in **Attack!.** John Kerr as the pet secreted Sister Boy. Leif Erickson as the house master Deborah Kerr as Erickson's wife in **Tea and Sympathy.** Dennis Price as the wily Brigadier Bertram Tracepurcell Terry-Thomas as the exasperated Major Hitchcock in **Private's Progress.** Giulietta Masina as the dimwit carnival waif in **La Strada.** Richard Basehart as Ishmael in **Moby Dick.** Eva Marie Saint as Bob Hope's fun-loving ex-wife in **That Certain Feeling.** Marie Windsor and Elisha Cook as the joyless married couple in **The Killing.** Lorne Greene as Joan Crawford's sinister father-in-law in **Autumn Leaves.** Vera Miles and Ed Begley as the young-end-old warriors in big business jungle in **Patterns.** Bill Travers as Georgie. Alastair Sim as the eccentric lord. Miles Malleson as the bumbling Olympic Committee big wig, in **Wee Geordie.** Irene Papas as rancher James Cagney's warmhearted Greek girl friend in **Tribute to a Bad Man.** Sir Ralph Richardson as Buckingham. Sir John Gielgud as Clarence. Pamela Brown as Jane Shore, in **Richard III.** Trevor Howard as the embittered British Marines officer in **Cockleshell Heroes.** ★

These films also were among Gilmour's favorites

The Catered Affair	The Man Who Knew Too Much	Reach for the Sky
Friendly Persuasion	Meet Me in Las Vegas	The Swan
The Great Locomotive Chase	Moby Dick	Tea and Sympathy
The Hardee They Fall	Patterns	Touch and Go
The Long Arm	The Power and the Prize	23 Paces To Baker Street
Lust For Life	Ransom!	Wee Geordie



The checkered career of an Arctic priest continued from page 17

"Back in the bush the Indian is freer and nearer salvation than when he apes the white man"

them swiftly into the twentieth century.

His creed is one the missionaries of his paper a quotation from Friar Thomas Merton: "If you want to help others you have got to make up your mind to write some things that some men will condemn." When the journal of the Arctic Institute noted last fall that he does not avoid controversy," Father Brown commented chuckling. "I guess you might call that an understatement."

Reporting on government plans to tear down old cabins and build new ones for the Indians at Fort Franklin on Great Bear Lake, he states his position: "We might stop and ask just how much such improvements are going to help the Bear Lakers. These people base their economy on fur. Fur is caught away from the Fort. The more, therefore, we subsidize these people with relief, the more we prevent them from following their livelihood, the more we make them wards of the government. Better to give every man a tent and traps, board his kids in school so he can get away and let him earn his own respectable independence than to build him a modern home and have him report every Friday for rations."

Father Brown and the government are each striving to influence the native Arctic people. Only a few years ago these people were thought to be dying out. Now, thanks to the government's interest in their health, they are on the increase. But the fur trade meanwhile is in a black depression. And over on the delta, the world's greatest natural fur farm, where muskrats breed and are trapped by the hundreds of thousands, there are not enough trapping areas to go around. How will they live, these Indians and Eskimos now coming of age?

The government thinks they must learn other skills. Father Brown differs. "The government contends that the price of fur will not support the natives. I contend that it will provided they get out and trap. Back in the bush, away from civilization, he thinks, these people are freer and nearer salvation than when they ape the white man.

Only one feet of the issue is clear-cut in these Arctic everglades as often colours out of the pagan past is being engulfed by mechanized Christendom. It can be seen in the radar compounds hidden among the spruce along the latitude of Aklavik, where Eskimo cat skinners raised on frozen seal meat eat cornflakes for breakfast and strum cowboy songs on mail-order guitars. It can be seen on Aklavik's muddy streets where a truck skews along with a grinning Eskimo youth at the wheel, a cigar in his mouth and a couple of lipsticked Eskimo girls beside him. And it can be seen in the new Aklavik where Indian carpenters fasten their jeans with beaded "Aklavik" belts made in Hong Kong. Father Brown is fighting a losing battle. He knows it. His fight is simply a protest at the passing of certain values.

But the priest has one advantage in the contest. From his base at the new town site—East 3 as it is called—he travels twelve to fifteen hundred miles each winter by dog team. He comes to know his people intimately. His sermons are based on this knowledge. For example, he tells of a lazy beaver named George. George spent all his time playing poker with the boys, playing a guitar, until it was too late. He was frozen in—like a lot of people who let things of the moment take their time and allow death to catch them without any good works.

At East 3 he often acts as the natives' go-between with the government. He receives a wife from an Indian at Fort McMurray. Her employer, The Indian who is painting widowskills, weeds, the Father" to get him a job driving a truck at the townsite. Father Brown knows that construction foreman Charlie Welrath needs truck drivers. He finds Charlie in his bank, snatching an after-lunch snooze. "Taking it easy, Charlie?"

"Ten hours is a long day, Father."

Father Brown mentions the man in McMurray.



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Charlie says ambiguously. "I guess he better stay where he is."

"You can't use him?"

"No. Charlie says."

"You don't need truck drivers?" the priest persists.

Charlie sighs and sits up again. "Sure. We need truck drivers. But he's no good. I hear he was fired at McMurray."

"You don't want him then?"

Charlie does not and he thinks they are finally agreed upon it. "Well, he has plans. He's a lot of nonsense to hang him down and then we'd have to mess around trying him out and he probably wouldn't work out anyway."

Father Brown senses the opening. "Suppose then I tell him you can't gunman him on a job but if he comes up at his own expense, you'll try him out."

Oh all right. Charlie says wryly. It is not a concession that he had intended to make.

Father Brown lights up a cigar and strolls down the new townsite road, a flamboyant figure in fringed buckskins, big as a football player. Smiling he waves to a parishioner. "Hey John! Drop into my office sometime. I've got a letter for you from your mother."

He meets another Indian. "Hi there Joe. What's the matter?"

"My leg. Joe says. "It's swollen. Been swollen three days."

"Come over to my place and we'll have a look at it."

The priest's office and living quarters are in a small frame house on a central town site in East 3 where a Catholic school and mission will soon stand. It is sparsely furnished with folding chairs, mismatched tables, chintz curtains, a wolfskin rug. On the board walls hang snowshoes, the gift of an Indian chief, two white fox pelts and a caribou-skin grub bag—also gifts, a crucifix, a guitar and several paintings—his own work.

Joe's leg is infected. The priest gives him penicillin. "Go home and lie down," he tells Joe. "I'll look in on you tomorrow." Through the window he spots a passerby and beckons him in. "Where you off to, Peter?"

"Aklavik," says Peter reluctantly, loitering to the old town.

"You know old Judy Pascal? She made this fur jacket. Pretty good job, eh? Lots of beadwork. Will you see if you can get fifty dollars for it in Aklavik? She needs the money." Peter nods his head resignedly.

A buxom young Indian matron enters, pushing one child ahead of her while another clings to her dress. "Hello Madame," Father Brown says.

"You got something for sores, Father?"

The priest examines the boy's face. "Right around his eye eh? Sore, Margaret. I've got some good stuff. A doctor in New York sent it to me. He ladles out some salve. "Just like ice cream," he jokes. "Don't let the boys eat it. Better cover it when he goes to bed so it won't get on the blankets. Emily still sewing, Margaret?"

"No. Picking blueberries."

"Set. Good money there." He hands her the jar. "Now don't forget, if it gets any worse let me know."

All week long in a steady stream visitors arrive. They come for help with a balky motor, for tea, a chat, advice to show off on the guitar or to ask him to carry a message eastward for once a month Father Brown points his flunkies up the ice-rimmed east channel and heads for old Aklavik, stopping along the way to add to his huge collection of color photographs.

Five hours upriver he pulls into Big Rock, the centuries-old fishing camp of the Loucheux. *"Nizendik Tokeche?* (How's it going?)," he calls to the smiling Indians who crowd around him speechlessly giving his hand their customary single limp shake. The boys unharness and feed his dogs. The girls pack his bedroll into the largest cabin.

The priest acting as volunteer postman, hands out letters, family allowance cheques, a parcel for which he cannot remember, then sits down to a plate of smoking moosemeat. He hears countless questions: the children on church doctrine; Ida Chai Hyscinthe to inform everyone at mass at night in the morning, binds in prayer three strawls in his sleeping bag, lies down and relaxes. Two days later he waves good-by—and heads northwest for old Aklavik, stopping overnight with a trapper on two on route.

Reaching the old town Father Brown reports to Father Jean Knyaut, his superior, a salty veteran of many Arctic adventures. He checks into a room in the rectory, calls on some forty persons in the mission and hospital, says hello to the nurses, the Grey Nuns who also teach in the mission school and visits along the boardwalk that links the neatly fenced compounds of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Signal Corps, the RCMP, the government and the Anglican mission of the other end of town.

Here he gathers the month's news, arrivals, departures on Indian trapper's destitute, high paying jobs can be had on the Dewline, wolves have driven the caribou north, a party was held at the Legion Bank in the rectory he sorts his mail, stories of plane crashes, storms, fires, polar bears, snow conditions, the epigee walled in life of the south. Then unbreathing his portable typewriter he prepares lashes out at the government for mismanaging the reindeer herd that supplies Aklavik with fresh meat. "Could it be," he suggests, "that the government is fostering a pessimistic report to call for one in order to foster legislation to prevent the people of the country from killing the animals?"

"We note with regret," he wrote in the fall of 1955, "the unfortunate tale of all hats brought on by the opening of the liquor store in Aklavik. It was stated at first that the incidence of drunkenness would taper off after the novelty had worn off. This tapering-off process has been far too slow to meet the majority of conscientious townfolk, especially those charged with the spiritual care of the people. Too many are buying spirits with money needed to feed and clothe a family. Some liquor permits were actually issued to those classed as destitute."

On the system of granting permits he wrote: "A white man may have a permit but a native may not. But if an Eskimo works on a white man for eighteen months (for example as a cat skinner) he may apply for a permit. This gives rise to the ernery situation where if you drive a D-8 you can drink but if you drive dogs you can't."

The priest types his stories and etches his cartoons directly onto a stencil. It takes him three days to complete his monthly issue; each one a continuation of the feud with Ottawa that has made him in only e year and a half one of the Arctic's most controversial characters.

Father Brown always felt that he would get to the Arctic someday. He grew up in a cliffside cottage facing north across Lake Ontario in wooded country nine miles from Rochester, N.Y. His devout mother named her sons Bernard, Justin and Thomas, after the three great Catholic theologians. His father, a salesman manager for a jewelry firm, took them on camping trips to Canada.

Instead of a priest, Bernard had a trapline. With Justin he took canoe trips through Ontario. They went once lost for two days in a tamarack swamp, fat up the Gatineau River and were saved when their signal fire was seen by a passing logger from his boat. A happy-go-lucky boy who liked football, boxing and skiing, he also worked at skinning and painting. And though far from studious, he read every book in the public library on the Arctic.

On graduation from high school he hitchhiked west, bound for Alaska. He drove a bus in Kansas, worked at Cheyenne's rodeo, thanfinanced a millionaires, and arrived at Seattle to find all the ships tied up by a longshoremen's strike. That was the turning point for me," he says. He rode the rods east and entered the Oblate college in Buffalo, for he knew that the Oblates were in the north. Seminarians he enrolled in a civil training course for pilots and picked up his license.

After two years in college where he found of Hebrew and Greek for e better appreciation of scripture he spent a year on probation studying only the rules of the order. Then he took the Oblate vows: poverty, chastity and obedience, and plunged into philosophy (two years) and theology (four). An labor boss of one group of boys he learned to plough, use tools, handle horses, drive a tractor and butcher pigs.

In 1948, at twenty-seven, Bernard Brown was ordained a priest. Of the seven boys who had started college with him only he had received the rigorous course. That summer to his great joy he was sent to Bishop Trucellier's Mackenzie Vicariate at Fort Norman on the Mackenzie about four hundred miles below Aklavik.

His first long dog patrol won nearly disastrous. He was following a well marked trail to Fort Franklin on Great Bear Lake. "I did everything wrong," he says ruefully. He lead dog, following too closely, would step on his snowshoes and trip him. He unharnessed a lagging dog which dropped behind and was eaten by wolves. He camped in a ravine where his fire sank in the deep snow. He tethered his dogs too close and they stole his food. The lead dog bit the trace in two and loosed four dogs. "I had a terrible time in the dark trying to catch them and tie them together." Then a snowstorm blotted out the trail. He won found next day by Indians and guided to Franklin.

By next summer he was preaching in the Slavey Indian dialect. "Learning a native language," he says, "is harder than holding a mission." Over the next five years he built three missions. At Fort Franklin he helped the Indians shed foundation logs out of the bush and run lean her shipped from outside down the boiling rapids of Great Bear River in a twenty foot power canoe. At Camsell Portage on Lake Athabaska he persuaded Johnny Nesbitt a bush pilot who struck it rich in uranium to fly Eldorado company carpenters into Camsell on week ends. And at nearby Uranium City he replaced a burned-down church with a mission of his own design.

Much of these five years was spent in Indian camps. It doesn't take long" he says "to get used to little things that seem obnoxious at first. Like the smell of fish heads cooking and eating rabbits eyes. But that's the best part of the fish, and animal. When you get a lot to learn from the natives. Be any normality of whites, for example, you have cliques, fights, backbiting. That's something you seldom see among the natives. Some people have the idea that we try to change them, that we're missionaries. We only try to change what nonsense with the salvation of their souls. You take that bunch at Fraser. They live with hardship and death. They make just enough money to make ends meet. We show them that here's an occasion for being good. It puts a different face on their hardships."

At Franklin the Indians would wake the priest at night for advice on a broken birth. They'd squat beside him, holding a lighted match in front of his eyes until his deprived spirit returned. He sewed up their knife wounds, treated their skin infections with sulpha ointments, rubbed their heads with liniment, lotion to rid them of lice, used gramine to stop the nervousness of a boy scalded with boiling tea. But five times one winter his penicillin failed to halt meningitis pneumonia and sleep throat. He stood by, helplessly, while one seven year-old boy died.

At Camsell Portage in 1953 Father Brown also found prospector. The pre-Cambrian north shore of Lake Athabaska was at that time the hottest uranium-bearing rock in the world. After poring over aerial photos the priest staked claims that brought him an offer of one hundred thousand dollars in cash. But the sale was blocked by a legal entanglement. In the end he found breeding dogs more profitable.

Around Lake Athabaska he says you'll see natives who have eight or nine scrawny dogs. They could get the same work out of six good dogs and cut feeding costs by a third. At nearby Fond du Lac Father Charlen Gamache was endeavoring to breed a swifter stronger sled dog by crossing greyhounds with St. Bernards, but the short haired animals nearly froze to death. "My idea," says Father Brown, "was to try to improve the strain with Eskimo Huskies and purebred Samoyeds. The Samoyed from Siberia is the grandparent of all sled dogs the most ancient dog known to man. It's this breed, crossbred with wolves that produced all the dogs we know as Malemutes or Siberian Huskies. They're smart, well furred and have terrific stamina." But the Samoyed's legs were too short for the deep snow of the bush country. Father Brown hired a toughened, early tailed pointed-eared animal. They were in demand as far away as Yellowknife when the bishop posted him to Aklavik, in 1955.

At Aklavik he saw the native in transition and much of what he saw he did not like. "Anyone can foresee it's a changing economy," he says. "But the government acts as if the bottom had dropped from the fur market. When I was in Fort Rich on Eskimo boy asked me if I'd take his fur out and ship it to the Edmonton fur auction. He had 153 white fox. Right now he'd get an average of maybe dollars a pelt. He can live like a king on that. And this wasn't even a big year for fox. The only white trapped at Fort Providence on Great Slave Lake, Sandy Davidson, is making a thousand to fifteen hundred a year. That's enough to live on," Sandy says."

The Aklavik Journal, which Father Brown began when he arrived at Aklavik, fibes at the government's efforts to teach young natives a trade by sending them outside for courses in trunk driving, welding, mechanics. Fellows like [illegible] (then Affairs Minister) Lesage," he says, "come up and give on a big harangue. Roads will be built. Industries will come in. That doesn't mean the natives will be absorbed into it. North of Yellowknife there's a man employing one native out of a possible thirty or forty. A lot have been tried out, they just haven't stuck it. They're not much good for the days in, days out eight hour shift. An Indian or an Eskimo doesn't want to be regimented. He doesn't want to punch a clock. The government's too optimistic. They think they're going to pull everyone out of the bush right away. They can't do it. It's going to take time and education."

The government has not been Father Brown's only victim. His rapt Canadian Pacific for high air-lenght rates narps at Hudson's Bay Company prices. Annoyed, Hudson's Bay manager Herb Figgures last spring withdrew the $2.50 at he had been paying from his own pocket. Father Brown ran the medical as news. Biggest trader at Aklavik, the Hudson's Bay Co. has withdrawn their ad from the Journal on the plea that it is too big a drain on their advertising allotment."

When the Canadian Legion followed suit because of his anti government stand the priest tossed out all ads and raised his price to twenty five cents. "I don't have

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EDWARD J. WOOD



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to cater to advertisers" he says "This isn't a money making scheme I began this paper to give the nation people a voice to keep them informed to present their side and try to influence the government The people I want to reach must can afford to pay twenty five cents

His attitude caused Aklavik more outspoken citizens to describe him as puffed up" "pompitous" and bossy The more charitable explain him simply as "an American" But everyone admits that Father Brown gets things done.

Last July with two hundred workmen swarming over the new townsite the priest put a newly built cabin aboard the mission barge and became Aklavik's first resident to move Missionaries today he explains "must expect to do more teaching Now we have to go to people where they used to come to us When we first came into the country the people were new Christians and had fervor Now you've got a bunch of whites of different religions who don't attend the church

The natives are great for going whites and they follow them unimpk Whereas before when we rang the bell everyone flocked around now they'll have their radios tuned in to Del Rio Texas, listening to singing, country-style and cowboy music—they're wild for cowboys they've all bought guitars We figure the mission only comes before the doctor First things first It's quite important to get into Heaven than to be cured of TB and unless they come to church they're not instructed"

The problem today he points out is not to convert the natives but to get them to live by the Ten Commandments Thus is why he says flatly We don't want them in the fold It means all kinds of moral problems They gamble they make home brew sometimes they fight when they're drunk But gh seldom when they're sober There's all the difference between night and day to see a native family in town and to see that same family in a tent in the bush when the sunset float ag is renewed every week They're cleaner happier better in every way"

He tells the story of Chief Colin Campbell who bought two drums of naphtha gas enough lamp fuel to last all winter But so many people came to his cabin to borrow a can'ful that he finally put the drums outside and let them help themselves. When Father Brown next visited him he was sitting by candlelight

"They're a really generous people" Father Brown says. They live the ideal of the early Christians They share in the village and they share along the trail You don't have to preach to them on The Good Samaritan In this country the first one past would have helped him But now the government is teaching them to provide for tomorrow A few are spending, eat and having grub stopped in saving a third To keep that grub they have to receive to share it We teach them to get ahead the dog-eat-dog business and the fellow who tries to be ambitious to save and board losers friends and becomes an outcast Eventually, of course, we'll create castes."

Father Brown offers no solution to this dilemma for the native who knows an easier life seldom wants to return to the bush and the bush can no longer support his increasing numbers This is more than the government's opinion. It is that all white and native trappers alike at least on the delta, where the caribou come and go with restless illogic and where with them going trappers are forced to buy store food at prices that would stagger a south-ern suburbanite Father Brown in an Arctic Don Quixote tilting his lance at an inexorable future

But he is happily living the life he has always wanted "You get down to a basic existence hun" he says. "you kill your game You drive your dogs back loaded with meat day, you're hungry You eat a lot Then you roll back on your sleeping bag on spruce boughs and light up a cigarette Boy that's something You can't duplicate that in civilization" ★



Mr. Benturian and the beautiful palimpsest continued from page 11

"I have a marvelous idea," said Mlle. Séraphique. "I'll meet you in the eighteenth century"

satisfaction like the acquisition of knowledge. After all what are material possessions? When you have seen the view from Fiesole or learned how to say ice water in Italian you have something that will stay with you for the rest of your life"

But Mlle Séraphique went on brooding under her hat—chewing pensively on a clove

Besides," said Mr Benturian "Florence is a well known centre of fashion. Florentine couturiers are said to be excellent Don't forget Schiaparelli herself was once an Italian."

Whether or not he had any reason for making this particular remark it was a shrewd one Mlle Séraphique went on eating her clove but a distant and contemplative look came into her eyes, as though a set of tiny gears and sprockets had started to mesh inside her mind

"Florence has something for everyone" said Mr Benturian who had not noticed this. "It is like a beautiful palimpsest"

"A what?"

"A palimpsest" he explained patiently "is a mediaval parchment that has been painted over several times by the monks, so it can be written on again

"How thrifty" said Mlle Séraphique

"Likewise" said Mr Benturian Florence is a beautiful palimpsest upon which each century has written its distinctive message Or" he added "if you are not impressed with the metaphor of the palimpsest think of it as a *mille feuille* pastry which is also composed of layers"

"I think I will have an éclair for dessert" said Mlle Séraphique

"I have been thinking," said Mr Benturian "that we might spend the afternoon going to the art galleries. The Uffizi and the Pitti Palace for example. One cannot leave Florence, without paying homage to the Renaissance It is all part of one's education."

Mlle Séraphique took another olive

"Afterward" he went on "we might shop around for some small but perfect souvenir to take back with us as a reminder of our stay"

"You may be right" said Mlle Séraphique "As a matter of fact I do need a basic black dress something simple but expensive looking with the new waistline"

"That is not exactly what I had in mind" said Mr Benturian "I was thinking of something of more lasting value — a painting, for example Not too large of course something suitable for a small apartment but of the finest quality It will be expensive but after all it is an investment."

"Bibi" said Mlle Séraphique rising up "I have a perfectly marvelous idea. You want to go to museums and I want to look at clothes. But are these two desires incompatible? Why should we make each other miserable? After all we are not Siamese twins. Why don't you go off to your museums and meanwhile I'll shop around for a good basic black dress?"

"But my dear" said Mr Benturian "what about the Middle Ages and the Renaissance and the seventeenth century? This way you are only skimming over the top layer of the palimpsest"

"Let us be systematic" said Mlle Séraphique "I'll begin with the fashions of today and you begin with the Renaissance and I'll meet you somewhere in the middle of the eighteenth century"

Her logic was unbreakable after all she was French

"Bibi" she said as she pulled on her gloves, "I will positively have to have some of those fantastic Italian banknotes The big ones not the little ones. In Milan you gave me a lot of the little ones and they didn't last five minutes"

Mr Benturian went to the Uffizi and then to the Pitti and the National Museum He consulted his catalogue frequently and from time to time he made notes in a small pocket notebook. After a while he folded up the notebook put it back in his pocket and went out on the street and hailed a taxi *Date volete?* said the driver

Mr Benturian took a business card out of his wallet and consulted it "43 via Calzaioli" he said

The taxi stopped in a crowded street in front of a shop with a large gilded sign reading Enrico Ludmo Art Dealer and Antiquarian" "This is it, said Mr Benturian

Signor Ludmo was standing behind the counter a small bald man with the face of a cheerful and intelligent pygmy

"I am interested" said Mr Benturian "in buying a small painting to take back with me to Paris something suitable for an apartment of limited size, but of the finest quality"

At your service," said Signor Ludmo rubbing his hands.

"Do you have any Caravaggios?"

Dozens.

Raphaels?"

A few although Raphaels tend to run large than Caravaggios *Strano* what in the under scheme of your apartment"

"Given with white woodwork," said Mr Benturian

"Perhaps a small Greco would be nice."

But Greco was a Spanish painter"

It doesn't matter" said Signor Ludmo We can supply anything

"Very well I would like to look at some small Caravaggios about this size said Mr Benturian holding his hands about two feet apart

Stasera said Signor Ludmo

He went into the back room there was a noise of scraping and bumping voices were heard arguing in volubile Italian and after a while Signor Ludmo came out with a pile of five or six paintings How about a nice Crucifixion ninety centimeters by seventy four centimeters?" he said

"Nothing religious," said Mr Benturian "It makes my wife nervous Haven't you something suggesting conjugal love in a blue or a green?"

"Lady with Mandolin perhaps—ninety eight centimeters by eighty centimeters?"

"Too much" said Mr Benturian.

I know just what you want" said Signor Ludmo, triumphantly pulling a painting out of the bottom of the pile "Love Chastised seventy six centimetres by fifty nine centimetres!"

"It is a little smaller than I thought" said Mr Benturian "How much is it?"

One million two hundred thousand lire" said Signor Ludmo without turning a hair

I'm afraid I get confused when the numbers get over a million" said Mr Benturian How much is that in dollars?"

"Two thousand two hundred" said Signor Ludmo rapidly "and then of course, there is six hundred dollars for the frame"

"I'm not sure I care for the frame," said Mr Benturian.

Senza? said Signor Ludmo politely laying down the painting. "You are an American?"

"By citizenship," said Mr Benturian. By descent I am an Armenian"

The distinction was wasted on Signor Ludmo "I am surprised at you" he said. Everyone knows that the Americans are the most generous people in the world In America everyone drives a motorcar and nowhere thousand lire signify What is six hundred dollars to an American? Nothing Americans have gold bathtubs and drink champagne every night for dinner In Italy all the little children are hungry and have to go to bed without any supper I have two nephews three nieces and four grandchildren in Calabria who have never had a square meal in their lives. And what do you Americans send them? Tractors! I ask you in the name of God can a little child eat a tractor? If you little child was starving, would you give it a tractor?"

Actually I am an Armenian by extraction" said Mr Benturian "Armenians are very kind to children

"And so" continued Signor Ludmo you Americans come here like princes with your motorcar with your cigar with your fountain pen, with the diamond on your finger and the gold tooth in your mouth and what do you do? You refuse to pay a mere six hundred dollars for a frame! But" he added "to please you I'll make it five hundred"

Mr Benturian got out his chequebook

By the way" he asked as Signor Ludmo wrapped up the painting in news papers "can you recommend to me the name of a good artist?"

"What do you want him for?" said Signor Ludmo laying his finger thoughtfully alongside his nose

"I want to have my portrait painted to surprise my wife" said Mr Benturian

"In what style?"

"I don't know yet" said Mr Benturian I would like a versatile painter one who can paint in any style

"I understand perfectly" said Signor Ludmo I know just the artist for you" He pulled a small printed card out of a drawer and handed it to Mr Benturian

"Niccolo Carlo Senzapantalone Versailles Painter Mr Benturian read But his subtleness is the same as yours!"

We allow him to work in the back room" said Signor Ludmo taking the card back "He is absolutely honest and can paint in any style In short a genius"

"I'll come back later this afternoon" said Mr Benturian

WHEN he got back to Baldini's Mlle Séraphique was already waiting for him with three packages in her left arm and two in her right arm and one hanging from a string on her elbow

"I bought a Caravaggio" he told her

"I bought a basic black dress a gold lamé evening gown in the new length two hats and three pairs of shoes" she said "But you were right Florence is a very nice place What was it you said you bought?"

"A Caravaggio" he said A small one but of the very finest quality It will look very nice in our apartment"

I have news for you" said Mlle Séraphique "I found out this afternoon that there is an Italian law against exporting national treasures out of the country"

"Well?" said Mr Benturian

"Well" said Mlle Séraphique, "Renaissance paintings according to the law I just mentioned are classified as national treasures. So although you undoubtedly own the painting, you will not be allowed to take it out of the country"

"How interesting," said Mr Benturian However I believe there is no restriction on the exportation of modern paintings"

Not that I know of" said Mlle Séraphique

Ahh" said Mr Benturian.

They got into a taxi and drove off and Mr Benturian settled back with an air of mysterious satisfaction "Bibi" said Mlle Séraphique imperiously "I swear you are thinking of something."

In fact matters they were standing in the presence of Signorino Carlo Senzapantalone the Versaille Painter

I believe you paint pictures to order?" said Mr Benturian

Absolutely" said Senzapantalone He smiled winningly as much it appeared to Mlle Seraphique as to Mr Benturian

"Does he speak French?" said Mlle. Séraphique

No" said Mr Benturian





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"If a *des beaux yeux*," said Mlle. Séraphique.

Mr. Bentuman was unwrapping his package. "What do you think of this Caravaggio?" he asked.

"A beautiful piece of work," said Senzapantalone, looking at it appreciatively.

"Very well," said Mr. Bentuman. "I want you to paint another painting on top of it."

"I understand you perfectly," said Senzapantalone. "What style of painting do you prefer?"

"What are the possibilities?" said Mr. Bentuman.

"To begin with," said Senzapantalone, "we have, the mediaeval or Gothic, then the Renaissance, Renaissance or quattrocento, late Renaissance or Seicento, then baroque, neoclassic, pre-romantic, romantic, late romantic, pastoral-romantic, classical-romantic, sociological naturalism, impressionistic, expressionistic, symbolistic, surrealistic and cubist."

"What's he saying?" said Mlle. Séraphique.

"My dear," said Mr. Bentuman, "you should learn Italian. It is a beautiful language."

"I also do montages, collages, and mobiles to order," said Senzapantalone.

"What would you charge, for a painting like size?" said Mr. Bentuman.

"That depends."

"On what?"

"On the style for one thing."

"What's style in the cheapest?"

"To begin with, the mediaeval is the most expensive. It is very difficult. I have to make the pigments in the paint. From the mediaeval to the modern period the prices go down steadily, ending with cubism, the cheapest of all."

"Personally I detest cubism," said Mr. Bentuman.

"I agree with you," said Senzapantalone. "Has it ever occurred to you that the degeneracy of modern painting is due to the influence of distilled liquors?"

"I have never heard the theory," said Mr. Bentuman, "but it sounds like a plausible one."

"If you are not too busy I will explain it to you," said Senzapantalone. "As everyone knows, during the Renaissance the artists drank nothing but wine. As a result they saw clearly and their paintings had fine form, color, balance, symmetry and perspective. Then came the industrial revolution and the invention of distilled liquors, especially absinthe. As you know, all the modern artists in France are addicted to absinthe. As a result, there occurs a degeneration of the central nervous system, the eyesight is affected and their paintings become distorted, unbalanced, warped and impossible to understand."

"What's he saying?" demanded Mlle. Séraphique impatiently.

"He says all modern artists drink absinthe," said Mr. Bentuman. "I believe you," he said to Senzapantalone. In French, since he was getting a little confused by this bilingual conversation in which neither of the languages was his own, *Sonjez donc parlare italiano*. I say I believe you. I detest cubism personally. Still in this case the style is not important. The main thing is to cover up this Caravaggio as cheaply as possible. I'll take cubism—since it seems to be the least expensive."

"I understand you perfectly," said Senzapantalone. "However there are several different kinds of cubism, cubism proper, cubo-modernism, crypto-cubism, and cubo-surrealism. The prices are all the same."

"Which can you get done the quickest?" said Mr. Bentuman.

"Cubo-modernism, crypto-cubism or cubo-surrealism would take three days. If you want cubism proper I can have it for you tomorrow. I use a straightedge and this speeds up the process greatly."

"Very well, cubism," said Mr. Bentuman.

"Fine," said Senzapantalone. "A mountainous landscape. Two hundred and forty thousand lire, plus the cost of materials."

"What's he saying?" said Mlle. Séraphique.

"He is talking about art," said Mr. Bentuman. "My dear, you really should learn Italian. It is a beautiful language, especially the numbers."

THE Bentumans left Florence shortly after noon the next day. Mr. Bentuman called for the painting at eleven. It was packed carefully into the Mercedes along with Mlle. Séraphique, the maid, the secretary, a number of packages and hatboxes, and a great many pieces of luggage. The doors were shut with great difficulty by a crowd of small boys and policemen, and they drove away, leaving a cloud of fifty lire notes blowing along the pavement. At the border all went smoothly. It was not felt necessary to open the luggage. The Italian inspector looked at Mr. Bentuman's painting and merely shrugged slightly, as though he



had his opinions on the matter but preferred to maintain a tactful silence. Finally everything was packed back into the car. Mr. Bentuman shook hands all around, and the Mercedes whisked away, leaving the inspector smoking a cigar and thoughtfully folding and unfolding a ten thousand lire note in his hands.

That night they stopped in Nice. The next night in Lyons, and the third night they were home in their apartment on the Boulevard Raspail.

"Now you have your Caravaggio," said Mlle. Séraphique with faint derision. "But no one can see it since it is completely hidden under that insufferable jigsaw puzzle."

"Still," said Mr. Bentuman, "there is some satisfaction in knowing that one owns a Caravaggio."

"Bah," said Mlle. Séraphique. "I swear you are thinking of something. I can always tell. You go around pulling your mustache in that clever manner. Anyhow the whole thing is a terrible waste of money. There are other things it might have been spent for. As you know very well, I need a new handbag, or perhaps several new handbags."

"What about all the nice clothes you bought in Florence?" said Mr. Bentuman.

"Did I buy a handbag?"

"No, but—"

"Very well."

"But—"

"I don't see why you insist on asking questions about things you don't understand. And don't tell me you can't afford it. I suppose you would not deny that if you liquidated all you assets whatsoever and converted them into cash you would have enough money to buy me a small handbag?"

"No, but—"

"No, but you prefer to keep me here confined in this cubicle of an apartment like a wretched Turkish odalisque, knowing very well that I cannot leave the apartment without a new handbag which you have already admitted you can very well afford."

Mr. Bentuman realized that essentially Mlle. Séraphique was stating a supersonnet on his generosity, and he rallied bravely to defend himself. "My dear ..." he began.

"Will you or won't you?" she cried.

"My dear ..."

"You are nothing but a parsimonious old fiend," she shouted, stamping her foot, "and I am going to move into the maid's room!"

There was a short silence after which Mr. Bentuman began, very again. "My dear," he told her, "I would gladly buy you any number of handbags if I thought it would make you happy. I am interested only in your welfare. It is not wise to rush off in all directions buying handbags until we decide exactly what it is best to do. Let us kiss and make up, and have a quiet dinner at home. Tomorrow we can decide about the handbag."

"Dinner at home, again!" declaimed Mlle. Séraphique hysterically. "We never go out anywhere. It is bad enough to marry an American millionaire in the first place, but to be subsequently deprived of the fruits of one's economical bargain is intolerable."

"Very well," conceded Mr. Bentuman, "we'll go out to dinner. If it now fun o'clock. I have an appointment at five with a man on the Quai Malaquais, and when I come back we will get dressed and go off to dinner at the Tour d'Argent."

Mlle. Séraphique was somewhat mollified at this, although she complained that she would not put a very small figure in, as she had to carry her lipstick and compact with her in a paper bag.

My dear," said Mr. Bentuman, "do not concern yourself about it. Everything will be taken care of."

ON the second floor of an eighteenth century hotel on the Quai Malaquais not far from the Ecole des Beaux Arts was the studio of M. Emile Charterin, Expert Art Restorer and Renovator. M. Charterin had been recommended to Mr. Bentuman by a friend of his who was a professor in the Ecole des Beaux Arts and who had assured him that M. Charterin was frequently called in by the Louvre for its most delicate jobs of restoration. It was M. Charterin, according to the professor, who had recently astonished the art world by detecting and removing the clothes that a narrow-minded monk of the eighteenth century had added to a superb nude of Botticelli. M. Chertmin's very appearance, in fact, inspired confidence. He was tall and thin, with the cold eye of a true scientist. He scarcely nodded when Mr. Bentuman came in with his painting under his arm.

"What do you think of this?" Mr. Bentuman asked him, removing the wrappings.

"Mmm," said M. Charterin.

"I agree," said Mr. Bentuman. "Personally I detest cubism. However there is more than meets the eye. You can restore paintings to their original condition?"

"Sometimes," said M. Chertmin.

"Very well," said Mr. Bentuman. "I would like you to restore this painting to its original condition. Cost is no object. Are you sure you can do it without harm to the original?"

"I will do my best," said M. Charterin, "but in the restoration of paintings each case is unique, and the results are always uncertain. Will you sign the authorization, please?"

"When will it be finished?" asked Mr. Bentuman.

"I can't hurry my work," said M. Charterin. "I am a craftsman. If you are in a hurry, please take it to a planing mill."

"Not at all," said Mr. Bentuman. "I wouldn't dream of hurrying you. Please take all the time you need to do a careful job."

"Come back in three weeks," said M. Charterin.

On the way home Mr. Bentuman stopped in at a shop on the Boulevard Montparnasse and bought an Algerian leather handbag with a chamois lining and a gold clasp. "It is true this Algerian handbag cost a little more," said the saleslady, "but it is very chic. Monsieur has only to look in the fashion magazines."

"I believe you," said Mr. Bentuman.

DURING the next three weeks Mr. Bentuman went about looking like a cat who knows where there is a canary he can go and swallow whenever he wants to. Mlle. Séraphique grew more and more annoyed, although she showed no sign. "Why do you keep pulling your mustache like that?" she demanded.

"It makes it grow," he said.

Three weeks later to the day, at nine o'clock in the morning, Mr. Bentuman presented himself at M. Charterin's, smoking a cigar and as calm as a judge. "Is the painting finished?" he asked.

"Yes," said M. Chertmin.

"I hope everything went well?"

"Quite well."

"You had no difficulty in removing the paint?"

"The subject landscape came off with no trouble at all," said M. Charterin. "The paint was still soft. The imitation Caravaggio and the portrait of Mussolini were more difficult."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Bentuman.

"I have removed the panorama of the battle of Austerlitz," continued M. Charterin imperturbably, "and the pastoral scene in the manner of Gustave Courbet. Next a romantic idyll after Watteau, two Vermeers, and a Giotto. The last three were the most difficult, some of the paint had been on there for twenty years."

Mr. Bentuman was silent for a long time. Then he shrugged, pulled the lobe of his ear, and produced his chequebook from his coat pocket. "I see," he said philosophically. "You have done a splendid job. I am impressed. What is your fee?"

"My usual price for removing a painting from a canvas is seventy thousand francs," said M. Charterin. "In this case I was obliged to remove nine layers in all. Nine times seventy thousand comes to six hundred and thirty thousand francs, plus the usual five thousand francs for cleaning the frame."

"That sounds reasonable," said Mr. Bentuman. "How much is that in dollars?"

"Exactly one thousand eight hundred and fourteen dollars and twenty-eight cents," said M. Charterin, figuring on a slip of paper.

Mr. Bentuman made out the cheque in a round Spencerian hand, laid it on the counter, and picked up his hat and gloves. "I have only one more question, dear M. Charterin," he said, "and then I will take no more of your time."

"Yes?"

"When you removed the nine layers of paint that you have described, what did you find at the bottom?"

"A cubist still life in the manner of Braque," said M. Charterin. "Not badly done, if you like that sort of thing."

"Personally I detest cubism," said Mr. Bentuman.

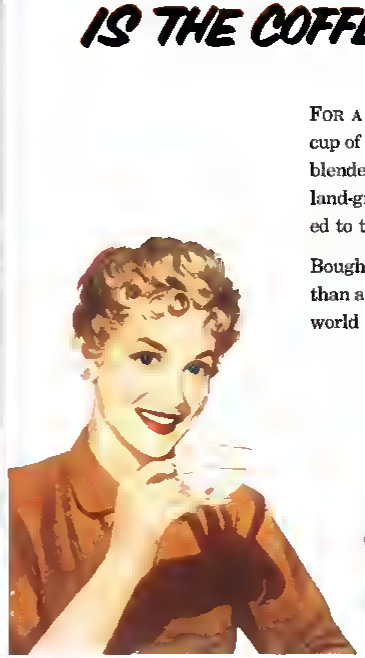
"It is all a matter of taste," said M.

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Chatterton "Would you like to see it?"

He led Mr. Bentinian into the studio and unveiled the painting on an easel.

"Always pineapples and guitars," said Mr. Bentinian sadly. "So very monotonous. By Jove you know it is in the school of Braque. It says right there in the bottom, Georges Braque."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say it says right there at the bottom Georges Braque."

Mr. Chatterton put on his steel-rimmed glasses and peered with a certain hostile scepticism at the signature. *Nom d'un nom*, he muttered. I was so busy examining the painting with a magnifying glass that I never took time to look at it. Now what can this mean?"

A flagrant forgery, no doubt," said Mr. Bentinian.

"*Un instrument au petit moment*," said Mr. Chatterton.

He pulled several inflated catalogues down from his shelf and examined them. Then he screwed a little eyeglass such as jewellers use to examine fine watches into his eye and scrutinized the painting from a range of half a centimetre.

It is," he sighed, removing the little eyeglass, "indubitably and absolutely a Braque. *Nature morte avec guitarre*, painted in 1911, missing since 1934 when it was bought by an Iraqui collector and shipped to Baghdad. How I failed to recognize it I cannot imagine. I pray you, Mr. Bentinian, do not tell anyone about this incident, or I will be an object of merriment throughout the entire art world."

I will be the soul of discretion," promised Mr. Bentinian. "The painting is valuable?"

Only last week," said Mr. Charterton, "I had a visitor, an American, an inhabitant of the Province of Texas, who begged me to find him a small Braque for which he offered to pay thirty-five thousand dollars."

"He shall have it for that price," said Mr. Bentinian generously. "Plus six hundred and thirty thousand francs for removing old paint, and of course five thousand francs for cleaning the frame."

ON HIS way home Mr. Bentinian stopped at an art store in the Boulevard Saint Michel, which he bought a reproduction of Carlo Crivelli's Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian and a box of thumbtacks for two thousand francs. When he got home he pinned the print up on the wall and contemplated it with some satisfaction.

"It makes one nervous," said Mlle. Seraphique. "Where is your real Carravaggio?"

It turned out to be spurious," said Mr. Bentinian. "So I sold it to an inhabitant of the Province of Texas."

"I gave my bonne gown to the maid," said Mlle. Seraphique. "It was too small around the hips."

Alas all," said Mr. Bentinian, "what are material possessions? We still have much ohm and life holds many good things. Let us go down to the Quai Voltaire and have dinner at Liperonne."

Don't be ironic," said Mlle. Seraphique. "What do you expect me to carry for a handbag? Algerian leather has been out of fashion for months. Perhaps you expect me to carry my lipstick and compact tied up in a handkerchief like a pickaninny?"

Sweetheart," protested Mr. Bentinian, slipping his arm around her waist. "Why should we quarrel when we have each other?"

"And don't think you can nuzzle your way out of it," said Mlle. Seraphique. "My dear," said Mr. Bentinian, "ladies involving material substance are seldom reparable. Please do not concern yourself about it. The shops are still open and everything will be taken care of." ★



What's it like being married to a genius? continued from page 13

"My daughter thought I was a dog," says Ustinov, "and barked at me!"

laughs. As an actor he uses his mobile clown's face and his bulk (almost six feet two hundred pounds) more eloquently than words. Most of his friends says he is funnier off stage than on, and one insists he is "the greatest raconteur in the land." This is not strictly accurate for Ustinov rarely tells a story, he acts it even if it involves ten people of different nationalities.

When Suzanne gets up in the morning she may have breakfast with him, barefaced, dressed in pyjamas and a shapeless dressing gown. On the other hand she may find herself sitting opposite a Prussian general about to face the firing squad or a confidence man trying to sell her a dud car. To a straight question she may get a straight answer but she is quite likely to get a sombre lecture from a Soviet commissar on the joys of living an argument between a Polish army officer and Italian prisoner of war and an American GI or an account of how the Moscow Dynamos won a rough-and-tumble football victory by the Fascist division now playing for England's Arsenals.

Ustinov spanks five languages and countless dialects real and invented. He also sings and at odd moments of exuberance his household may be treated to a complete operatic quintet. On a recent English TV program he gave his impressions of the United States. Beginning with cab drivers and police he satirized the nature notion including the movie moguls in Hollywood and a complete hearing of the House committee investigating un-American activities. Shortly after this a Sunday newspaper invited its readers to suggest how they would run commercial TV from the subject of a nation-wide controversy. One wrote said: "Fire everybody and turn the whole damn thing over to Ustinov."

This suggestion is not without merit for Ustinov's prodigious energy is usually employed on six projects at once. Last spring for example he celebrated his thirty-fifth birthday while on tour in Scotland with Romanoff and Juliet, writing another play and meditating on still another. On week ends he rushed south to Bristol to watch rehearsals of The Empty Chair, a new play now awaiting a London production but then being staged by the Bristol Old Vic breaking his journey to visit Suzanne in a maternity hospital where she awaited the birth of their second child.

Igor Nicholas Ustinov was born in April, his sister Pavla Monica is two. A French nook in French housemaid, a Scottish nannie and an Australian secretary also inhabit the Chelsea home which on a normal morning is about as serene as a railway junction after a train wreck. Suzanne darts about tending to the children and chattering in French to her husband. The nook rushes in for Suzanne to discuss the menus. The housemaid carries a cup of coffee up to the drawing room for a visitor or a message that Ustinov habitually kept welcomes with a warmth he cannot possibly feel. Pavla and her father converse in wildly undulating Irish. Chinese disregarding the arrival of three friends who must wait as some private joke unfolds. Then Pavla yanks her father's beard which she firmly believes to be false and says good by to many of its attending women who have come to fix a leak in the roof. At this moment Miss Dalgleish, the secretary bosses on the intercom. Ustinov pinks up the telephone. But the nullity hangs up believing with every good reason, that he is talking to an Indian fruit vendor who has lost a shipment of figs.

Through this confusion Suzanne moves with remarkable poise, proving she is indeed the Iron Butterfly a name invented for her in 1950 by Orson Welles when she played Desdemona to his Othello.

"After Welles anything is normal," she says, explaining that the name was coined to commend her stamina. "I insted longer than any other actress who worked for him," she says. Friends agree the name is appropriate. Like her husband Suzanna is unaffected, unassuming and unworried. She looks as little like an actress or a rich man's wife as her husband looks like an actor or a rich man. Her long dark hair is usually caught up in an elastic band. She rarely uses make-up. In a crowd she might attract no attention. But once attracted the attention is held captive by her man did blue eyes and a face of exceptional beauty.

"I'm what they call photogenic," she explains. "I'm told I have good bones or something."

Neither of the Ustinovs is preoccupied with dress. Suzanne wears loose comfortable skirts that do little for her and figure except to make her look smaller than her five feet two inches and much younger than her twenty-eight years. As for her husband a rumpled columnist recently nominated him the worst dressed man of the year in linens, his missing buttons and the hairy tweeds he wears to cocktail parties.

"Hins not like other men," says Suzanne. "He doesn't get excited by trifles like missing buttons."

"I have no interest in sartorial matters," says Ustinov, who has an eye for color that sometimes leads to fancy waistcoats and red socks, but the kind of build that would make the most splendid creation of Savile Row look like pyjamas. He also shares his wife's hatred of large cocktail parties. But the Ustinovs are not antisocial. They like small functions and a hostess who can get them as guests has no worries about the success of her party. Ustinov's cronies cannot remember a dialogue. Some random samples.

- Hollywood: "It's like death, the great leveler."
- Acting on TV: "It's like being asked by the captain to entertain the passengers as the ship goes down."
- A neurotic actor: "He's got an Achilles heel running all the way down his back."
- His crowded dressing room: "I can reach Olivier and put a sign on his door 'No Visitors.' I put a sign on mine 'Visitors Welcome.' These are all *his* admirers."
- Reason for having a large hotel for a country inn: "Too many autograph hunters."
- Reason for refusing next day to the large hotel: "Too few autograph hunters."
- Annual New Year's resolution: "To commit all the follies of last year this year with better results."

When he is about nothing is sad and depressing," says Suzanne. "I'm so happy all the time. If something goes wrong he turns it into a joke. I have never met anyone who makes me laugh so much."

The Ustinovs traveled toward their outwardly heroic but internally nightmared home by routes with only one common feature: the disappointment of their patrons when they about the theatre as a profession. Peter Ustinov in London on April 16, 1921, began in an early age to reverse the expectations of the senior Ustinovs. His mother, artist Nadia Benois, hoped that like her he might be an artist. At Westminster School he rebelled against what he now calls the cruel masquerade of dressing small boys as midshipmen." But poorly as his work was punished for writing plays in class and for imitating his masters and establishing himself as a heretic beyond redemption by developing a violent loathing for grubby "Here was expunged of his twelve and a half years," one of his masters reported sadly. He chose the theatre. Ustinov claims "because I couldn't do anything else. I never passed an exam."

He left school at sixteen put to some use at drama school and repertory and at nineteen wrote his first play, House of Regrets. It was not produced until 1942 because of the outbreak of the war an event which did little to slow his development.

Ustinov wrote steadily during the four years he was by his own account "the saddest sack in our shade of khaki. He never rose above private and says he would always have been in trouble if he hadn't acted his way out of it. Inevitably he gravitated to the Royal Film Unit where in addition to being batman for Col. David Niven he was put to work writing. By 1945 at twenty-four he was writing, directing and producing a film about radar and finishing his third play and his first novel.

Until this time Suzanne, one of the six children of Edmond Clonher, the Dreyfus Captain, had been attending Marguerite Bourgeoise College in Montreal. Since she was a serious-minded child—her family thought she might become a nun. But in 1945 when she was seventeen she ran away from home with sixty-three dollars in her purse and a one-way ticket to New York. At Grand Central Station she crept tearfully up to the street where for a few minutes she stared with wide-eyed dismay at the rushing traffic. Then she plunged down again and remained in the station for three days.

"Grand Central is really quite remarkable," she says looking back. "You can have a bath there, are places to sleep and lots of restaurants." In one of these, on the third morning, as she scrubbed a newspaper's want ads with the help of a French English dictionary she struck up a conversation with a dazzling young woman who proved to be Dilys Burrington, a Canadian model. To Miss Burrington's trained eye Suzanna's good bones were evident at once although the skin that covered them was white and limestained and their owner wearing half down to her waist a skirt and sweater and flat heeled shoes looked about twelve years old.

She took me to the agency they put me off my hair dressed me up and made a model of me" says Suzanne. Three months later her picture was on the cover of Vogue.

"I was on lots of covers after that," she says. I had that if you leave like about one thing just leads to another."

In Suzanne's case it would be more accurate to say that one camera leads to another for soon after she began to influenced her career. Number one was George Sinyeon, the Hollywood dimnion of A Place in the Sun. One day early in 1946 while thumbing through some stills looking for likely material for his new company, Liberty Films Inc. he turned up a picture of Suzanne. He looked again and offered her a Hollywood contract.

Number two was Charles Laughton whom she met during his two years in Hollywood uninterrupted briefly by her wedding, in Ottawa in August 1946 to a childhood friend François Dupuis of Montreal. While waiting for his big chance in pictures, Suzanne joined Laughton's Shakespearean company. When Liberty Films merged with Paramount and she found herself lost among the starlets Laughton advised her to leave. "Go to Europe get on the stage and learn to be a good actress," he urged.

"She'll go far, that one"

When Suzanne reached Paris in 1948 she had a letter of introduction from Laughton to theater manager three, the film director-actor Louis Jouvet. Though Jouvet she joined the junior Comedie Principale where she was seen by men to number four director Julien Duvivier. He invited her to test for the lead in his film "Un Sinners" and she won the part.

The Sinners led Suzanne to another number five Orson Welles. When Welles saw Suzanne on the screen he sighed massively and announced that his quest for the perfect Desdemona was over.

"I'm a lucky girl" Suzanne told a reporter after she had signed to play opposite Welles in his production of Othello. "Of course she's lucky," boomed Welles. "But Suzie's a talented kid. She's got everything—looks, ability and she's a hard worker. She'll go far, that one."

Another number six director Marcel Carné evidently agreed for he chose Suzanne to play the lead in his film Juliette (she was the girl against another newcomer Gaby Corbin). As Juliette she played opposite Gerard Philipe, the male lead of France. This is a round about way led her to lucky seven, the most important man in her life, Peter Ustinov.

One day in August 1951 Ustinov was browsing in a newsstand when his attention was caught by the photograph of a girl on the cover of a French women's magazine. It was Suzanne in her role as Juliette. Ustinov bought the magazine. That night in London he discussed an offer from British producer Herbert Wilcox. Suzanne went to see the married stage hit The Love of Four Colonels. After the performance her agent took her backstage to meet the star and author Peter Ustinov.

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my picture it played to my favor" said Suzanne. "It was easy to become friends," she says. "We found we shared so many interests."

Soon after that meeting Suzanne moved to London to earn the only good notices given to Derby Day, a film starring Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding. Later she went to Hollywood to play opposite Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart. But the film was shelved and she returned to London to play a small part in the British screen comedy Doctor in the House and a large part in Ustinov's worst and most soul-searing failure.

No Sign of the Dove, a serious allegory on the Flood, closed after eleven performances. Although Suzanne played a tiny part she spoke only one word. But by then she was in love with the author as she suffered more acutely than the other players when it flopped. Before the end of the first act the gallery began to boo. During the last act boos greeted every entrance. When the star, Beatrix Lehmann, spoke one of her dramatic lines, "I forgive you all," a voice from the gallery roared back, "That's more than we do." The critics while deploring the churlish demonstration agreed with the gallery.

"I was determined not to let it bother me, but in point of fact it did bother me," says Ustinov today. Two months later after Suzanne's divorce they were married. During the next two years, while they traveled to Hollywood, Mexico, Haiti and Europe, Ustinov wrote a film script, two plays, part of a novel and acted in five films. Meanwhile he was, as always, adding to his curiously diversified store of knowledge.

He is no expert on fast cars and many other esoteric subjects. He has a remarkable memory for manners and dress and is an insatiable reader, particularly of newspapers. "I have just finished reading a complete account of the Peninsular wars in some old copies of The Examiner," he said recently. "Fascinating!"

"He reads the Encyclopedia Britannica in bed. He's up to 'S,' says Suzanne who classes this and a constitutional inability to be on time for anything but a curtain, as his only bad habits.

As busy and successful as they have been the Ustinovs have refused to let either time or hunger for success lyr annize over their lives. "I am not ambitious for a career in the abstract sense," says Suzanne. "I've had one. I may act again if the right opportunity presents itself, but right now I have enough to do. You can't just have babies and leave them."

"I don't want to be successful," says Ustinov. "Success is dangerous. You're apt to rest on your laurels. My ambition is to be a night watchman—all that time to think up ideas and no need to do anything about them. In life there are always compensations, always ups and downs and always hope. But the greatest privilege of all, which is of far greater value than success, is the privilege of being happily married."

Suzanne agrees. "I would never try to change him—I couldn't," she says. "Any way I love him—beard, long hair, red socks and all." ★



Blair Fraser's report from Israel continued from page 9

"The Arabs vowed war until the Jews were exterminated. The Jews believed they meant it"

interview but were constantly interrupted by a small boy charging in to grab a handful of pretzels and charging out again. Begin scolded him mildly but the small boy obviously knew Daddy wouldn't hurt a fly.

In an hour's talk Begin spent eighty percent of the time sympathetically explaining the government action in invading the Sinai and only twenty percent of the time denouncing Ben-Gurion for agreeing to withdraw. He also thought Israel could and should have knocked off Jordan at the same time and obviously the mistake lay not in the west bank of the River Jordan. Annually many think Israel intended to do just that but was deterred by the British warning that Britain's mutual assistance treaty with Jordan would be honored.

Altogether I got the strong impression that Begin felt Ben-Gurion was on the right track and saw his own party's role as one of counselor, guide and prod. Indeed his most heartfelt criticism seemed to be based on Ben-Gurion's refusal to admit how similar their aims were.

"Wouldn't it have been more dignified to admit or at least not deny our intentions," Begin asked "rather than make speeches that we'd never wage a preventive war and a fortnight later do just that?" Others wondered the same thing.

Officially the Israeli decision to invade the Sinai was prompted by the election of a pro-Nasser government in Jordan and the conclusion of the tripartite treaty unifying the command of Syria and Jordan under Egypt. This following the resumption of Fedayeen activity from Gaza was said to be the last straw. But these developments came in the last week of October, only days before the mobilization which astounded observers by its smoothness, speed and efficiency. All bespoke careful planning for much longer than a few days.

The onlookers' judgment of the Arab-Israeli dispute is usually determined and betrayed by the date at which he begins. The Israeli case is strongest if you begin in 1948. Three things cannot be denied. the Arabs started the war against Israel, the Arabs were ignominiously defeated and put to flight by an army they vastly outnumbered. The Arabs nevertheless refused to make peace and ever since have claimed the protection of the armistice plus belligerent rights. For instance Egypt blockaded the Israeli port of Eilat by seizing the empty sandbar island of Tiran at the mouth of the Gulf of Aqaba on the Red Sea—Egypt doesn't own the island but justified its blockade of international shipping as a "belligerent right." Other Arab countries were too weak for such overt acts but unceasingly shouted threats to drive the Jews into the sea.

In practice though there have been ups and downs, periods of quiet followed by periods of hostility approaching open war. The Sinai invasion was the climax of one such warlike interval which began nearly two years ago.

The Israeli often say it started in June 1955 when Nasser made his deal for Soviet arms. United Nations observers place it earlier than that. They start with the Israeli attack on a Gaza police post on Feb. 28, 1955. By now so much blood has been spilt on both sides that any raid in either direction can plausibly be called retaliatory. However UN observers say the 1955 Israeli assault on Gaza was far beyond the ordinary. It followed hard upon the return of Ben-Gurion as defense minister. the long-time advocate of a reprisal policy and greatly exceeded the scale of previous attacks. In the Gaza district. Besides attacking the police post the Israeli set ambushes on the roads leading to Gaza and waited for reinforcements to arrive. A trunkload of Egyptian soldiers run into an ambush and all thirty-four of them were shot dead. Altogether about forty Egyptians and Arabs were killed that night.

Nasser said later that it was the Gaza raid that prompted him to negotiate his arms deal with the Soviets. Nasser's word is not regarded as being worth much at the moment but UN observers are inclined to believe him on this point. It is also true that until the Gaza affair the raids into Israel from the Arab side were more like individual banditry than organized military operations. Thereafter the situation changed. As well as concluding the arms deal, Nasser organized the Fedayeen as a recognized branch of the Egyptian Army. He proclaimed them as the start of a Palestine brigade and paraded them in Cairo with the regular army. They were trained for sabotage and other so-called commando duties. The Fedayeen record is actually most inglorious. They do best at either blowing up irrigation pipes and power-lines when nobody is around or at murdering unarmed men, women and children. But unlike the previous infiltrations, these were admitted incursions by military forces—in short acts of war and so proclaimed by officers who landed the "heroin exploits of our Intrepid and our troops."

Of course the Israeli reprisals equally deliberate and far better planned and executed might be called acts of war too. The difference was that whereas Israel steadfastly maintained her sole objective was peace the Arabs grew ever more shrill and bloodthirsty vowing war until the Jews were exterminated.

Apparently Israel cares more and more to believe they meant it. Since early 1956 Israeli behavior along the border has been consistently challenging. They adopted the policy the UN calls "aggressive patrolling." An Israeli patrol would charge directly at the border opposite an Egyptian post. At the very edge the armored vehicles would stop and young men would jump out, fall flat on their bellies, mount machine guns and aim with their rifles at the Egyptian sentries, and then stop. This was well calculated to terrify an Egyptian sentry. Sometimes he would panic and fire a shot or two—then the Israeli patrol would "retaliate" and plaster the Egyptian post.

By early April a house situation had been built up. Along its southern borders Israel has established *Kibbutzim*—communal farms — of a rather special character. They're peopled not by ordinary farm families but by young men and women who haven't yet completed their military service. They're given the option of serving their final year in the army or going instead to a border *Kibbutz*. The result is that the border *Kibbutzim* are really military strongpoints as well as farms. After exchanges of fire during two days in April Egyptians fired mortars into one such border farm.

The Israeli response was to shell the open city of Gaza.

I heard about the shelling of Gaza from an American airforceman who was there. "The whole thing only lasted about twenty minutes," he said "including the pause in the middle."

What did he mean, the pause in the middle?

"It's an old trick," the American said in a level voice, "but it works with green troops and it works with civilians. If you're ordered to fire ten rounds and you have green troops against you you fire ten rounds and then stop. They'll come out of their foxholes and look around to see what damage you've done. You wait until they're out and then you fire the other five rounds."

"The Israeli used that trick on Gaza."

When the shelling finally stopped there were sixty-two dead and about two hundred wounded. In November when Gaza was in Israeli hands an American doctor asked an Israeli major, "What did you do it for?"

The major, a big round-faced blond with a merry grin, laughed and said "That was an invitation to war that the Egyptians were too yellow to accept."

But if Gaza didn't bring war it didn't bring peace either. Some of the most horrible Fedayeen raids followed the shelling of Gaza, including the worst of all—the cold-blooded murder by machine-gun fire of schoolchildren at prayer. It was a long summer. In August alone 105 complaints were laid with the UN Mixed Armistice Commission. Israel laid forty complaints and suffered two killed and twelve wounded; Egypt laid sixty-five complaints and suffered twenty-two killed and five wounded.

Then in September—the emphasis suddenly shifted to the Jordan border. There were various incidents—buses ambushed, all the dreary routine of intrusion and the equally dreary routine of reprisal. But



Who is it?

After doing a star turn for years on the road, he may stay home to run the whole show. Turn to page 42 to see who this boy grew up to be.



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one incident was a somewhat disturbing departure from the routine.

One Sabbath a party of archaeologists was inspecting the ancient ruins at Ramat Rahel just inside Israel and not far from Jerusalem. Suddenly a burst of gunfire came from Jordan. Six of the scholarly party were killed.

The UN Armistice Commission heard of it immediately. The Jordan district commander telephoned and said "Some thing terrible has happened. One of our soldiers went mad and fired into a party of civilians on the Israeli side. I don't know any details but I fear some were killed. We have the killer in custody. Please come at once."

The UN observers came at once and found eyewitnesses who bore out the Jordan story. They got it complete in hospital from a Franciscan priest who was with the party and others confirmed his version—all the shots appeared to come from one gun. Observers asked both sides if the evidence was complete and both said yes.

Hours later the UN received a call from Israel saying we have more witnesses and want to reopen the case. The new witnesses all said the fire came from more than one direction and indicated a dahlia raid.

When the UN still believed the original eyewitnesses and disregarded the affair thought evidence Israel walked out of the Armistice Commission.

The UN observers were not surprised when a few nights later they got a call to "a retaliatory raid on the Jordan village of Husan near Jerusalem. Thirty people had been killed.

Thereafter no complaints came from the Israeli side. Once she had withdrawn from the commission but UN observers maintained where the next retaliatory raid would be. Studying the map they guessed it would be the police post at Kalkilyeh not far from Tel Aviv on the edge of the coastal plain. Sure enough the guess soon imparted the shooting of a fanatic in an orange grove in that neighborhood and shortly thereafter came a retaliatory raid.

This time, though, the Jordan army had apparently done the same map study as the UN officers. It was present in considerable strength and though at least forty-two Jordanians were killed the Israeli themselves lost eighteen dead and many wounded. Kalkilyeh was the last major incident before the Sinai war. It was one reason why many thought the Israeli mobilization was directed against Jordan, especially since Jordan had just elected a pro-Nasser government and signed the treaty for joint command with Egypt. Whether it was the actual intention frustrated by the British warning or a masterpiece of military deception we probably will never know but probably the latter since Nasser was obviously the major enemy.

In Israel eyes Nasser is the enemy not only of Israel but of the whole Iron world. They call him Agent No. 1 in the Soviet penetration of the Middle East and the thrust against Egypt in terms in the Sinai to prevent it. Of one hundred tanks and self propelled guns captured about thirty were Russian. Of nine Egyptian planes shot down five were Russian. The Israeli tell of overhearing short wave radio conversations in Russian in the Sinai desert before the invasion.

They regard as preposterous the notion that their Gaza raid of two years ago drove Nasser into Russian arms. He was an opportunist who would have found his way there anyway and rather sooner than later they say. They did the world a service by bringing him down a peg and believe that if they'd been let alone they could have brought him down utterly and forever.

Among Israeli civilians there is fierce resentment over the intervention by Britain and France which they think thwarted and frustrated Israel's victory. Not even in London did I hear such scathing remarks about Eden as in Jerusalem.

One scarce official told me quite seriously that had Britain and France remained their own business Israel would now hold the Suez Canal firmly and in mind. When I asked whether Egypt might not have flattened Tel Aviv if the RAF hadn't destroyed its air force he replied: "If the Egyptians had dared bomb our cities we would have gone on to Cairo. If we had been let alone we might be in Cairo today with the peace signed."

Israeli soldiers know this fantasy is unreal. They admit the British and French air attack was extremely useful. They also admit they connived on it in making their own plans.

General Moshe Dayan, the lively one-eyed tough diamond who is Israel's chief of staff, was asked if he knew British and French help was coming. He laughed. "If I did would I say yes to you here? I will say this—we took all possibilities into account. We had had intelligence reports on the build up of Anglo-French forces in Cyprus. We took them into consideration in making our decision."

The West wants Arab friendship

That's the nearest any official source has come to admitting collusion among Britain, France and Israel. As any diverse lawyer knows collusion is a difficult thing either to prove or disprove but the vehement denials by the three governments are borne out by the result. If they did attempt to co-ordinate their activities they certainly did it very badly. The link of any co-ordination seems the chief cause of the impasse in Suez which in turn causes Israeli indignation.

Had Israel been cooperated by the British and French this is never more so by the Americans. To this Israeli seems crystal clear that the thing for the free world to do now is to recognize Nasser as a Russian stooge and the other Arab enemy as willing imitators and bank Israel to the hilt. That they feel would solve all Middle Eastern problems in the quickest possible manner.

The Arabs believe equally strongly that the way proved their contention that Israel is the real threat to peace in the Middle East and the Communist threat is a mere bogey. They think the rest of the world is now convinced they are right and they will be encouraged by given them strongest physical support.

The most important limit to keeping ways in mind one here is this: there are no right answers in the Middle East. There is an infinite variety of wrong answers and some are wronger than others, but the time is long gone when any can possibly be right.

The Israeli solution takes for granted as do most Jews throughout the world that the interests of Israel and other free nations are virtually identical. This unfortunately is not so. From a strictly national viewpoint the Western alliance has far more interest in preserving the friendship of the Arab world which is increasingly incompatible with supporting Israel.

Morally of course, the commitment to uphold Israel is inescapable. Britain created the Jewish national home in the first place and whether that decision was right or wrong the British cannot go back on it now.

That support is almost instinctive. Israel in the twentieth century's bridgehead in a petrified forest of the Middle Ages. She is the only stable and competent democracy in the whole region. To let the Arabs have their way and destroy Israel would be not only dishonorable but unthinkable.

But it is equally unthinkable to permit the Arab nations to become hopelessly and permanently threatened. The Arab nations own and control much that is absolutely essential to the West. Without Middle Eastern oil neither England's nor Europe's economies can operate for long, at least not without great expense and difficulty as the Suez crisis is now demonstrating.

This is no mere matter of pounds, shillings and pence. It might well become a matter of survival. That's why last summer's events have placed the Western world in such a desperate dilemma.

The few glimmers of light visible at the time indeed and only for the long future. For instance one thing that could eventually become a benefit for the West as well as for Israel is the smashing of the Egyptian blockade of Port Eilat.

Egypt had no right to be there in the first place. The blockade was itself in defiance of previous United Nations resolutions. Israel has promised to withdraw from Egyptian territory but neither Tiran Island nor the Gaza Strip were part Egyptian. The Gaza Strip did lie outside the armistice line so Israel may be compelled to vacate Gaza (which would relieve her of the refugee headache anyway) but the armistice says nothing about Tiran from which the Egyptian blockade operated. Israel having ousted the Egyptian garrison will fight long and hard before letting it get back.

Eilat as well as Suez gives Israel access to export markets in East Africa and the Far East. It is possible as Israel hopes that these markets might enable it to become self-sufficient rather than dependent on Western help for two thirds of its imports. If Israel does become self-sufficient a major obstacle to peace in the Middle East will be removed.

The Arab refusal to recognize Israel's existence sounds hysterical but has a rational basis. The Arabs simply do not believe Israel can survive. Educated Arabs remember the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem which also depended on Western help prompted by religious fervor — Christian Zionism. Eventually Christian Zionism went out of fashion and the kingdom of Jerusalem disappeared but not until it had lasted much hundred and nineteen years. The Arabs doubt Israel will last that long.

If they're convinced Israel is able to stand on its own feet economically then the rational basis for non-recognition will disappear. The wily might become ideal for a general settlement between Israel and its neighbors without which no stability is possible in the Middle East.

But that's a matter for the very far future, if ever. The immediate outlook is almost completely black.

Far from keeping the friendship of the Arab world Europeans cannot even walk the streets in safety. Damascus hotels which once catered to foreign tourists are now virtually closed, their windows shattered against the stones of the mob. The thirty-six Europeans and North Americans left in Damascus stay close to home and walk about as little as possible. Even the United Nations, which gets and likes him hand are no longer protection from blank looks and threatening words. In Old Jerusalem foreigners don't dare enter the old walled city even by daylight. All hotels but one have closed and United Nations personnel have been ordered to live together in that one no longer in the comfortable flats they once enjoyed.

All this I learn by hearsay in Israel's half of Jerusalem which of course is cut off from all contact with the Arab nations except through radio.

Tomorrow I take off again to see what more I can of the Arab world. ★



Frank McMahon's five lucky lives

Continued from page 15

"Ten thousand bags of grain were pumped down the drill hole. The gusher vomited them back"

acre lake that resembled a caldron of simmering lentils.

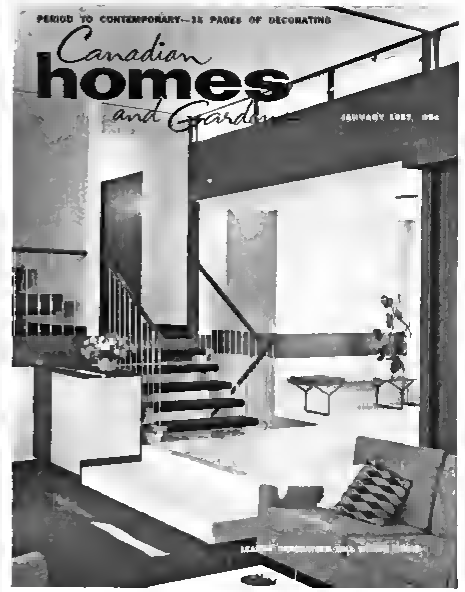
Every trick known for "killing" a gusher was tried. Ten thousand bags of salt and cotton seed were pumped down the drill hole in the hope that they would swell and block it. But the gusher simply blew that back. The same thing happened to four carloads of cement. Three weeks went by and the oil continually overran its dikes and spread farther over the land. On seeing McMahon one day, Rebus said: "I thought you said there'd be no mess."

For six months the oil ran wild. The heaving mass began to lap the feet of an oil rig. Next the rig, a huge blight of earth and oil moose and then precipitately sank, leaving behind a boiling crater. Slowly the huge rig settled out of sight into the cavity and was swallowed up in the morass. Broken electrical connections gave off a shower of sparks. In a flash Atlantis No. 3 was on fire. Flames leaped more than a hundred feet into the air. News papermen from all over Canada and the United States flew in. Even British newspapers sent representatives. Printed in the pink final edition of the Toronto Telegram a full front page picture of the fire suggested a corner of hell.

One night Rebus stood at his front door, his face lined in the light of the flames. McMahon who was hurrying by cried: "You're rich, Rebus. You're a millionaire!" Rebus replied: "No danger, eh? Hah!"

From either side of the burning lake two inclined tunnels were bored toward the base of the spouting drill hole. Down the tunnels, lightly rolled balls of steel cable like big balls of knitting wool were launched. When the balls were pushed through to the base of the drill hole which now resembled an upturned funnel they sprang open, filling the funnel with a mass of tangled wire. Into this ravel were blown tens of thousands of old golf balls. Under the pressure of the oil the

In this magazine



Period to Contemporary

15 PAGES OF DECORATING

A special section in January Canadian Homes and Gardens features "High Style in Decorating" — it shows you that High Style can mean everything from period elegance to international modern, and five leading Canadian interior designers tell you what's ahead for 1957.

Beginning this month Peine Whitall tells you how to become "The Complete Handyman in 5 Easy Lessons". In Lesson No. 1 Paint shows how to use the five basic tools for any workshop.

Your garden problems solved, whatever you live in Canada — 30 questions and answers from a new book by veteran Maritime gardener Roscoe A. Fillmore.

Also Madame Benoit, Family Travel, Flower Arranging—in the

January Canadian homes and Gardens now on sale

A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

golf balls popped upward—lodged in every orifice of the war and formed a ceiling which prevented the oil going up the drill hole. To ensure complete oil tightness of the rotting thousands of bags of chicken feathers were blown into the mixture of wire and golf balls. The well stopped gushing. For want of fuel the firemen above died down.

Six months to the day from the date of its proving Alberta No. 3 was brought under control. Only a large black scar remained to mark the scene of the conflagration. "That awful fire," says McMahon, "consumed more than a million dollars worth of oil. But under the circumstances I can't complain."

During the next six months Alberta No. 3 yielded one million two hundred thousand barrels of oil which sold for more than three million dollars. The publicity brought a flood of investment capital into McMahon's companies. This financed intensified exploration for oil and began a discovery and development boom on which McMahon's companies have flourished ever since. Pacific Petrol shares have risen from fifty cents to more than thirteen dollars each.

A year after the fire McMahon plucked up courage to visit Rebus. He found the farmer stolidly nailing patches over holes in an old barn. "Don't you realize," said McMahon, "that you've ultimately made yourself forty hundred thousand dollars in royalties on top of the two hundred thousand I gave you for the oil rights? Why don't you knock that old barn down and build yourself a new one?" John Rebus said: "Why don't you keep your promise and give me that new kitchen stove?" McMahon grinned and said: "That's what I came about. When you go home for your dinner you'll find the stove in the kitchen."

It was a gas stove and it symbolized McMahon's newest venture. Since the late Twenties he had been dreaming of piping natural gas into homes and factories. From Dr. George Hume, then a government geologist in Ottawa and now one of McMahon's executives, he had learned during the Depression that there were huge reserves of natural gas straddling the British Columbia-Alberta border of the Peace River country.

If this gas could be tapped and piped to Vancouver, McMahon reasoned, new industries would be attracted to the city and a market would be assured. In working out the initial figures, however, McMahon discovered that Vancouver's consumption alone would not justify for years the cost of seven hundred miles of thirty inch pipe. To make such a pipe pay the American Pacific-coast cities of Seattle and Portland would have to become customers.

From this premise McMahon advanced in 1945 into a complicated and bitter series of industrial negotiations. First of all as another subsidiary of Pacific Petrol he formed the Peace River Natural Gas Company to do exploratory drilling. His first obstacle was getting the right to drill.

Since 1936 the B.C. government had kept in force a crown reserve on natural gas. This meant that all gas belonged to the government and only the government was allowed to drill for it. For two years McMahon tried to persuade the B.C. cabinet to lift the restriction. In 1947 the government relented. At eight o'clock on the morning the government reserve came off gas. McMahon was in Victoria. For a few cents an acre he took out drilling permits. Numbers One, Two and Three.

Four years later the Peace River Natural Gas Company made its first strike at Fort St. John, forty miles up the Alaska Highway of B.C. Drilling continued eastward and by 1952 seventy-five wells in the B.C. and Alberta reserves of the Peace River country had been capped. One and a half trillion cubic feet of gas, enough to supply Vancouver, Seattle, Portland for twenty years was waiting to be piped southward. McMahon floated the Westcoast Transmission Company Ltd., still another subsidiary of Pacific Petrol, to build and operate his pipeline.

While his exploration for gas was proceeding, however, new developments in the United States threatened disaster. A group headed by the Wall Street financial house of Morgan Stanley and Company formed a corporation named Northwest Natural Gas. The object of this corporation was to pipe gas from northern Alberta to Seattle, Portland and Vancouver.

If Northwest succeeded, McMahon would lose his markets, as well as many of the millions he had invested in Peace River exploration.

Northwest was a formidable rival. On its board sat H. R. MacMillan and Austin Taylor, two immensely wealthy B.C. industrialists. Northwest's lawyer was Ralph Campney, now Canadian Minister of National Defense.

But McMahon fought Northwest. He fought it before the Alberta Petroleum and Natural Gas Conservation Board where Northwest opposed his plea for a permit to move Alberta Peace River gas over the B.C. border into the pipe that would convey it south. The two firms fought again before the Federal Board of Transport Commissioners where North west opposed McMahon's bid for a permit to move Canadian gas into the U.S.

And incidentally McMahon fought North west in the House of Commons in Ottawa where his application for federal incorporation of his pipeline company West coast Transmission was opposed by members who were more sympathetic toward Northwest's claims. But in the end Mr. McMahon got what he wanted, largely on the ground that the Peace River country offered the most logical source of gas for markets on the north Pacific coast. This battle, lasted from 1946 to 1949.

If McMahon fought it tough he fought a second battle in the U.S. twice as tough.

McMahon still needed permission from the U.S. Federal Power Commission to pipe his gas across the border. Diverse officials in Washington were opposed to McMahon's project because they didn't want Seattle and Portland dependent on a foreign source of gas which might be cut off in the event of war. Lined up with these opponents were the American companies Pacific Northwest Pipeline, El Paso Natural Gas, Colorado Interstate and Pacific Gas and Electric which were planning to pipe gas themselves to Seattle and Portland from wells in New Mexico and Texas. Although McMahon had a U.S. champion in the Portland Gas and Coke Company, which wanted to encourage him, Peace River gas because it would be nearer and therefore cheaper, this time his cause lasted for 1950, after two and a half years of hearings the Federal Power Commission ferreted through down on his dream. McMahon had spent two million dollars on legal expenses. Now it looked as if his Peace River wells would remain capped for half a century.

But McMahon is resilient. He started negotiating with Ray C. Fish, who as head of the Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corporation played a large part in blocking his entry to the U.S. Eventually the two reached a compromise. Instead of Peace River gas running across the border to Westcoast pipes, as McMahon had originally hoped it would be taken by Westcoast to Vancouver and onward to the little B.C. border hamlet of Huntingdon. There it would stop. The gas would be metered bought by Pacific Northwest and fed into an American network of pipes.

It was not exactly what I wanted," says McMahon, "but it was an awfully good deal." The American company agreed to buy a little under half the pipe's capacity. This gave the sales assured to Vancouver guaranteed McMahon sufficient income to amortize the cost of the projected pipeline and to leave a fair profit.

Within a few days construction of the hundred-and-eighty million-dollar line was begun with funds lent by such financial giants as the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the First National Bank, the Mellon Bank and the Royal Bank of Canada. The pipeline will open next spring. "That occasion," says McMahon "will be marked by a happy party."

McMahon's enemies say that the West coast pipeline victory went to his head and prompted him to grasp impulsively into a league too big for him. They refer to his dramatic intervention last spring in the parliamentary crisis over C.D. Howe's proposal to lend Canadian government funds to the Trans-Canada pipeline company for its much-debated pipeline from Alberta to Ontario and Quebec. McMahon made a public offer to take over the job without strings. Opposition Leader George Drew asked why the American-controlled Trans-Canada should be subsidized when a Canadian was ready to tackle the operation without subsidy. The question provoked a Donnybrook. Fair. As the battle raged in the House McMahon suddenly withdrew his offer in a telegram to C.D. Howe. Neither McMahon nor Howe has ever explained fully what kind of agreement they reached before the dispatch of the telegram.

At least one mining man holds this theory. McMahon knew he could never raise the money privately to lay the cross-Canada pipe, but he thought that by pretending he would bluff the government and the Trans-Canada company into cutting him in on the job. C.D. Howe called his bluff in a telephone conversation. Howe told McMahon to "put up or shut up." Thereupon McMahon withdrew his offer.

Recently McMahon himself smiled and said: "I could have raised the money and I was quite ready to do so. I did have communications on the matter with Mr. Howe but I don't wish to aggravate the controversy by going into what was said. All I can say is that I realized the government would have had great difficulty in getting out of its arrangement with Trans-Canada. Things had gone so far they'd become very complicated. For this and other reasons I decided it would be in the best interests of Canada if I withdrew my offer."

McMahon made the statement in his

My most memorable meal: No. 12



John Norman Harris recalls

My gravy (or was it?) in prison

There were four of us who messed together at Luckenwald prison camp—and we were hungrier than we had ever been in that spring of 1945. Iberaise Red Cross parcels couldn't get through as the well-bombed railways. We talked and dreamed of food, and that first enormous meal in the freedom that was coming.

Yet my most memorable meal came before freedom and was made from prison camp ingredients. We were celebrating a birthday or something—so we went flat out to prepare a feast.

We had potatoes, which we mashed and creamed with powdered milk but to add that extra touch I made a gravy by browning some flour a rare delicacy obtained in trade in margarine and stirring in water and salt. There was no pepper!

The result was smooth and thick and it *did* something for the eternal potatoes. It caused an argument though for Roger who was Eton and Oxford said it wasn't gravy but sauce since it hadn't been braided and of no animal. Gravy in such a context was non U.

But the great event was the pudding fashioned by J. Ewart Pridham, now deputy treasurer of Scarborough Township. He diverted our efforts as we tore immense quantities — about sixteen thin slices—of black bread into minute fragments. Ceiling it wouldn't get the proper effect. Then he tore up some leek-hoarded Red Cross prunes and raisins, and shredded one heaven-sent carrot into the mass. Bundled it in a ball and wrapped it in some sort of oiled paper.

When it was steamed over our homemade chip stove which burned bits of bed boards whittled off with a dull table knife the pudding swelled to an enormous size and took on a rich fruity flavor. Finally we had a sauce not a gravy for the pudding. Harry Bastable, an immense Winnipeg Irishman, grated an American Ration chocolate bar into powdered milk and creamed it with tender care.

Pointless and gra—beg pardon—sauve—and chocolate-coated pudding washed down with genuine powdered coffee—that for some reason is the meal I remember more than any of the steaks and plum puddings I have eaten since.

JOHN NORMAN HARRIS IS A POPULAR MAGAZINE FICTION WRITER.



Richelieu Phaeton Sedan

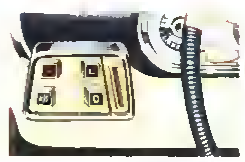
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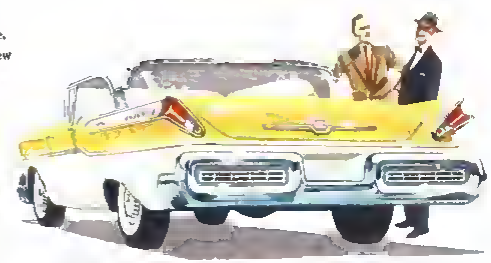
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DOMINION SEED HOUSE
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apartment on the seventeenth floor of an elegant building opposite the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Park Avenue, New York. Its heavy pile carpets, custom-built furnishings and discreet Japanese murals are indicative of his good but not ostentatious taste. His permanent home is a big modern house in Calgary on the outskirts of Calgary, has a basement decorated in oak and bricks to suggest an old English inn. He rents permanent hotel suites in Ottawa, Vancouver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Between these cities he is constantly traveling in his Lockheed Lodestar, and not only on business, with him ball a dozen lawyers, engineers and secretaries. The aircraft piloted by a crew of TCA veterans, has an office and a bedroom. There are weeks when McMahon shuttles back and forth between Montreal and Calgary almost daily. His hobby is Alberta Ranches. He is raising Arabian horses with Mrs. Bell, the publisher of the Calgary Albertan, and Wilder Penfield of Montreal. His thirty-odd horses seem Canadian born, but mostly imports from England, Ireland, New Zealand, Australia and France, are worth two million dollars. Entries are flown in race tracks all over the United States, Canada and England.

The most valuable horse in the stable is Royal Serjeant, son of England's last Royal Charger. Bought in England in 1952 for twenty thousand dollars, he won the hundred thousand-dollar Hollywood Gold Cup and the fifty-thousand-dollar American Handicap. Now retired to stud, Royal Serjeant commands a service fee of two thousand dollars, and his yearlings climb at sales between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars each.

McMahon's horses are trained by Vance Longden at Okotoks, just south of Calgary, and at Riverside, forty miles east of Los Angeles. They are ridden in important races by the trainer's famous father, Johnny Longden, the Canadian who has ridden more winners than any other jockey. Johnny Longden and McMahon are close friends.

McMahon has as many friends in the theatrical profession as he has on the race track. Among them is Frederick Bissonnette, the son of the old Dunedin minister. Carl Brisson and husband of Rosalind Russell, the ex-wife of the late Broadway hit Annie, Mame. A few years ago Fred Frederick Brisson, producer penned seventy-five thousand dollars to put into a show named The Pajama Game. He handed a copy of the script to McMahon who read it, liked it, and put up the money. The Pajama Game was so successful that McMahon tripled his stake. He also backed two other hits, Damn Yankees and Pink and Fancy.

Another of McMahon's theatrical friends is Bing Crosby. They went to school together in Spokane. McMahon was then living in Moyie, his birthplace, just across the B.C. border from Spokane. His father, a lumberman, sent him to a private school in Spokane.

Young Frank left school at sixteen to diamond drill for base metals at four dollars a day in the Sullivan Mine at Kimberley, B.C. Then for two years, he roamed from Alaska to Mexico working for drilling contractors. In the mid-Twenties he was drilling for two American companies when they formed a third company—about enough to hold a dozen Irish horses — McMahon grasped the significance of their quest.

He made enough money out of diamond drilling to set up in partnership with his brothers in the middle Thirties. By this time he brought to his first gushers in 1939 his plum for an eventual move into the natural gas field were not mid dried.

McMahon's restless wandering, has led to some domestic unhappiness. A few years ago he was divorced from the first Mrs. McMahon who later married a young movie actor and settled in Hollywood. Early last year McMahon married Betty Betz.

McMahon remains devoted to his children by his first wife and his several grandchildren. His oldest son Frank was killed in a mid-air crash four years ago. The young man's widow later married Mrs. Bell, one of McMahon's best friends. McMahon's surviving son Bill owns his own construction business and works on the Alaska Highway.

When McMahon's daughter Marian married in 1954 McMahon gave her the most dazzling wedding Calgary had ever seen. The Anglican Cathedral was decorated with white peonies, carnations, orchids and gladioli. Preceded by thirty choir boys and followed by eleven attendants the bride walked to the altar over a carpet of white rose petals. The Powers which were arranged by an expert flown from Hollywood cost four thousand five hundred dollars. After the service more than six hundred guests attended the Palliser Hotel even a white broadloom carpet and sat down to a chicken and champagne wedding breakfast at tables covered with white lace. Many of the guests had been flown to Calgary from all over North America and quartered in the Palliser at McMahon's expense. After the departure of the bride and groom parties continued in the Palliser for three days. McMahon is reputed to have picked up a tab for more than twenty thousand dollars. The wedding would have cost still more if he had succeeded in his attempt to hire Montovani.

At the reception as McMahon stood beaming amid the scent of cigars, the hit of music the twist of fashionably dressed dancers and the pop of champagne corks, one of his guests remarked to a Calgary newspaperwoman, "That is refreshing to see one millionaire who is not ashamed to throw his money around and enjoy himself. If Frank had been born fifty years sooner he'd have made a perfect pal for Edward the Seventh." ★

ANSWER

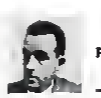
to Who is it? on page 36

Lester B. Pearson, Canadian secretary of state for external affairs and leading candidate to succeed Prime Minister St. Laurent as the leader of the Liberal Party

For Chapped hands



THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR



For the sake of argument continued from page 2

"Schools teach a make-believe correctness that has practically no currency outside the class"

more than one man's promotion in the British Foreign Office a snobbery that led Churchill to write, "This is the sort of English up with which I will not put."

The idea that the preposition should always precede the word it governs, that it is better to say "the man to whom I had written" than "the man I had written to" has become widely accepted, although the idiom is publicly good English. It has been condemning because it wasn't based on Latin or on languages derived from Latin. How ludicrous it is with speech rhythms, the vigor and economy of idiom when skillfully used can be appreciated in Ernest Hemingway's novels. Hemingway is built to live in and not look on" and "Revenge is a kind of wild justice which the more man's nature runs to the more ought law to weed it out" or in Addison "Odd and uncommon characters in the game that I look for and most delight in."

There's a story of a little girl who said "I want to be real to," and her mother replied "What do you want to be real to out of?" The girl's mother, bringing the wrong book upstairs, asked "Now why did you bring that book that I do not want to be read to out of at all?" Obviously she was no college product or she would have known that a preposition is a bad word to end a sentence with.

Too subtle for textbooks

The split infinitive is considered malelegant and "this here" a vulgarism but both were once in good taste and are linguistically defensible. "Try and stop me" or "try and go resist all efforts at changing to try to" because the former have a speech rhythm that the latter lacks. "Ungainliness" is more emphatic than regardless."

School authorities seldom understand the nature of language and usually direct their energies to teaching a make believe correctness that has practically no currency outside the classroom. Language is too subtle a register of human reactions and thought to trust it to textbooks. For example an English speaking mother says to her child "John be good" a French mother says, "Jean, sois sage" the wise a Swedish mother "Jan var snäll" the friendly a German mother "Hans sei artig." Set back in fancy and a Hopi mother "No—no no —don't not the Hopi way."

Language can reflect politics. Both English and German added new words during the Second World War but how different they were! Americans coined the terms zeppelin draftee (dischargee payee to denote roles of the little man, but them were no corresponding "enwords (employee-employer), no term for the man who conscripted drafted or shanghaied or paid him in German the opposite was true. New words denoted leaders not the led, commanders, not those commanded.

Language can reflect class. In Japanese and Javanese for example the speaker through grammar and inflection the listener's status relative to him self.

Language can reflect character. Jo Churchill's English "up" in post position meant a loss of personal strength to throw up, give up, end up, yield up, surrender up. Today it means the reverse—a strengthening, of the self to live up speak up, clean up, fix up. Unlike "out" the work out, think out, clean out), "up" implies speed, dimension, strength. Yet conservation grammarians oppose this exciting spontaneous use of up as not good English.

But what makes the purists most sick phrases like "Just put her thru you can't yet?" This involves, of course more than words alone. It concerns grammatical categories which are the very basis of thought. Just "let" involves a codification of experience quite different from "Have you called yet?" It's not just sloppy diction, adolescent indifference to language. Every language is open-ended—that is, designed to change. English is no exception. In spite of the efforts of academicians spoken English is becoming polysyllabic. Sentences are less frequently composed of little words chronologically ordered more frequently of light conglomerates that run phrases in their own right both in sound and meaning.

Spoken English is finding itself from the printed page. Print never necessarily reminded English. It did not tones and gestures destroyed polysynthetic constructions, and created phonemic redundancy. Yet print's prestige has been so great for three hundred years that speech has imitated it and ignored those aspects of English that print couldn't reproduce.

By the eighteenth century scholars talked as if they were reading aloud. Here's a passage from Tristram Shandy whose author Laurence Sterne was noted for having accurately recorded the correct speech of his day.

For this reason I have the greatest veneration in the world for that gentleman who in distrust of his own dexterity in this point sat down and composed [that is, at his leisure] fifteen volumes of swearing suitable to all passions from the highest provocation which could possibly happen to him, and such moreover as he could stand up to, he kept them ever by him on the chimney piece within his reach ready for use.

Seventy six words—a literary written expression. This was fine for philosophical discussion but it must have made dry going at the breakfast table.

By Victorian times genteel conversation had become witty and slick, which that of the illiterate working man was considered not only vulgar but wrong. What was considered right was nothing less than speech distorted by print. Oscar Wilde set the style in the love scene between Gwendolen Fairfax and John Worthing in The Importance of Being Earnest.

Jack. Charming day it has been, Miss Fairfax.

Gwen. Pray don't talk to me about

MOLLY SAYS: "PURE BARBADOS MOLASSES MAKES DANDY LOLLIPOPS



N OTHER CANDIES TOO"

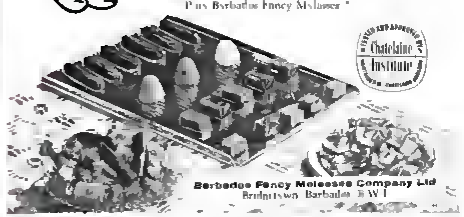
Sure kids love Barbados Molasses as a spread and why shouldn't they when you consider that this Barbados beauty is really sweeter than sugar and good for you too with iron, niacin and vitamin B2.

But right now, why not make up a batch of grand Barbados Molasses candies, including all of these those all time favorites Molasses lollipops. Simple? I'll say just follow this recipe. Then go buy more Pure Barbados Molasses you'll certainly need it!

1 cup sugar
½ cup Pure Barbados Molasses
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup water

Combine all ingredients in a 2 quart saucepan. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Cook slowly to hard crack stage (290°F.) or until syrup when dropped in cold water forms a hard still ball. Drop from tablespoon onto cool oiled wooden skewers arranged on buttered pan. Remove from pan when cold. But be sure the label says

Pure Barbados Fancy Molasses"



Barbados Fancy Molasses Company Ltd
Bridgetown Barbados W.I.

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EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND

Mailbag

Is it safe not to vote?

Re your editorial, If They Won't Vote, Don't Count Them (Nov. 10) at first right you argument seemed good but on reflection...don't you think that if we followed this policy it might result in Commies and sectional groups getting into power? These groups do vote and unless we can get others to offset them by getting them to vote by any reasonable means we will find ourselves in the shape of some other nations that have followed the policy you suggest.—ARTHUR J. REYNOLDS, TORONTO.

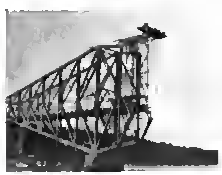
● It is not possible for a reasonably intelligent and informed person as a considered decision to express his opinion in an election by abstaining from voting! This is done regularly in the United Nations ..... I think there are many occasions, at the polls and elsewhere, where it is justifiable are to take sides.—MRS. O. D. ALLZ, PEMBROKE, ONT.

Arab refugees never had it so good

In her article We've Earned the Arabs' Hatred (Nov. 10) Dorothy Thompson refers to "nearly a million Arab refugees, living for years now in mass camps under inhuman conditions." There were never a million Arabs in Palestine. The refugees are now living under better conditions than they ever hoped to under normal conditions.—DR. A. ALONE, OTTAWA.

The bridge that fell

I was very much interested in your article, The Black Day the Quebec Bridge Fell (Oct. 13) describing the three Quebec bridges and referring especially to the tragedy surrounding the first two.



I am enclosing a snapshot taken about July 24, 1915, on my way overseas. The second bridge was then under construction.—DR. NEWTON MAGWOOD, TORONTO.

Only champagne for Tunspaine?

Frank Tumpane's article, I'm in Favor of Censorship (Nov. 24) was most amusing ..... Laws against sedition and blasphemy are absurd. A state that needs protection against seditious writing doesn't deserve to exist. As for blasphemy a God who needs such a law obviously does not exist.

Tumpane's article shows that for the most part he is in favor of high brow pornography, but opposed to low brow pornography. He is in favor of champagne but he turns up his nose at beer.—W. MCEWEN, EDMONTON

Do trees grow in mid-air?

The picturer on your covers have been anything but artistic. But the Oct. 27 deer-hunting cover by Peter Whalley is one of the worst. The way it is drawn—terrible! I have seen better drawing by grade-three



students; at least their trees were rooted to the ground.—C. JOUBERT, MAHONE BAY, N.S.

Is the church meddling in Quebec?

I was much interested in your article, The "Religious Crisis" in Quebec Politics (Nov. 10). The political immorality in Quebec is not new to observers of this "isolationist" province. The unfortunate aspect of the whole thing is the policy of the clergy meddling in politics to the detriment of the social and economic life of the province .....

No wonder that this province must be so different from the rest of Canada. I believe the answer is found in the remarks of Lord Macaulay over a century ago when he said "The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert while the whole continent around them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise."—A. A. FERGUSON, SYDNEY, N.S.

● I am glad to know that you do not hesitate to expose the unhealthy state of Quebec politics. Party after party follow the same routine of graft, corruption, bribery and intimidation. I know this happens in other provinces too, but it could never stand up to the degrading level it has reached in Quebec.—A. C. DANDURAND, MONTREAL.

● My opinion is that the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec in the government—or in other words Mr. Duplessis runs things as the church wants him to.—J. SADLER, OTTAWA. ★

the washer. Mr. Worthing. Whenever people talk to me about the weather I always feel quite certain that they mean something else. And that makes me so nervous.

Jack. I do mean something else.

Gwen. I thought so. In fact I am never wrong.

Jack. And I would like to be allowed to take advantage of Lady Bracknell's temporary absence.

Gwen. I would certainly advise you to do so. Mamma has a way of coming back suddenly into a room that I have often had to speak to her about.

Jack. (Nervously) Miss Fairfax, ever since I met you I have admired you more than any girl ... I have ever met since ... I met you.

Gwen. Yes I am quite aware of the fact. And I often wish that in public at any rate you had been more demonstrative. For me you have always had an irresistible fascination. Even before I met you I was far from indifferent to you. We live as I hope you know, Mr. Worthing, in an age of ideals. The fact is constantly mentioned in the more expensive monthly magazines, and has reached the provincial pulpit. I am told ... and my ideal has always been to love some one of the name of Ernest. There is something in that name that inspires absolute confidence. The moment Algernon first mentioned to me that he had a friend called Ernest, I knew I was destined to love you.

If the twentieth century has done nothing else, at least it has branded the Worthings and Fairfaxes as outright menace to a living language. By the 1920s the trade-mark of realism was a minimum of syntax, a maximum of understatement. Here, from what might be a modern novel in the Hemingway tradition is an example:

General. Where is she, Harry?

Bartender. There.

General. No, the other one.

Bartender. Which other one?

General. The girl. Mignonette.

Bartender. Who?

General. You know who.

Bartender. Why do I know who?

General. It's almost always the other one with me.

Bartender. Yes, the other one.

General. Well?

Bartender. Over at La Chienne Morte.

General. Alone?

Bartender. Not alone.

General. There are people with her?

Bartender. Yes, there are people with her.

General. Who is this one?

Girl. I'm alone.

General. Alone.

This could continue until the Nobel Prize is awarded.

In New York there's the Damon Runyon variation that features such immortal characters as the late Sky Masterson and Willie the Weeper. All of Runyon's characters speak in the present tense, even when the past or future are described. This is intentional—for as any good storyteller knows, the past is dead, the future doubtful. For a story to live it must have pointfulness which the past lacks, and it must appear to be true, which the future cannot do.

Comics and radio and TV rarely employ anything but the present tense. They do this not because of indifference to language or sloppiness in speech but because of broad changes in our society that language is sensitive enough to record.

This timeless quality in language reflects a type of thinking where the *before* and *after* give way to the *now*. It's all there is; the past is summed up in it, the future implicit in it. Those who object to this use of the present tense are really objecting to the new type of life we are living which is unaware of how language functions within that life.

Literate English emphasizes tenses reflecting chronological time past present, future. Oral languages rarely if ever do this, some lack tenses altogether. Moreover written English emphasizes nouns. The first words our children learn are names for things: man, ball, dog. Oral languages, however, usually focus on actions and events.

Spoken English is changing in both of these respects. We no longer think in terms of Newton and Einstein, not of free-flowing one-dimensional time, but of the multiple perspective of modern art, TV and the newspaper front page. And our grammar is beginning to reflect this.

Radio, film and TV have smashed print's monopoly of English and set it free to become once more an oral language. Toasts, for example, are a vital part of all oral languages. Some African groups can endure a message to leave a land and then transmit it by "talking" drums. But our alphabet couldn't depict tones, and so tones gradually went out of English.

Are the dictionaries wrong?

For a time the manuscript tried to convey tones by spatial ordering—something like an e e cummings poem—but print destroyed even this. Punctuation was invented at this time, to breath-ing notations for actors and orators, but later it was used as part of grammar and today is employed with little reference to tone.

Look at the fate of Shakespeare's sonnets. His nineteenth-century editors thought "Poor Will—a good poet but he never went to college or learned to punctuate." So they changed his punctuation, making hundreds of unjustified amendations. But Shakespeare's punctuation had a deadly accuracy. He lived in an age when English was still primarily an oral language when its tonal qualities were vital for meaning. His nineteenth-century editors, however, lived in an age in which print dominated English. Blindly following rules conceived to ignorance they changed his punctuation and thus destroyed the meaning of hundreds of his lines.

Print also creates redundancy. English has forty-five phonemes, or minimal, meaningful sound units, but only twenty-six letters in the alphabet. To use this alphabet it's necessary to link letters to represent sounds. Such linkages make English highly redundant. Electronic engineers have found that they can sometimes eliminate up to fifty-five percent of the letters in a message. Here's a sample: WENTYIVE PRCET OF HE LTTRS I TIS SENTENCE HVEREN DLETED AT RANM. We can read it without trouble or error. Written English can be drastically abbreviated without loss of intelligibility. Thus, "q" is always followed by "u", why not drop the "u"—spell "queen" "qeen"?

We bear a lot nowadays about bad spelling, but are the misspellings in the students' essays or in the dictionaries? Students today do what monks did in the Middle Ages—spell words the way they sound, rather than the way they look. They obey their ears, not their eyes. The problem is intensified by the fact that spoken English is changing more rapidly than written English, the gap between them widens each year, leaving written English an archaic form.

Print is also unable to depict body gestures, which play a vital part in oral languages. A movement of the hand may be a mother, a shift of the shoulder a verb. When combined with spoken words, such movements—called "kines"—follow a genuine syntax. I wonder if an academician living in a world of books can ever understand why a hotel waiter has opportunities.

Movies and TV are aiding us in the recovery of the gesture and facial awareness. Educators who bemoan this type of communication who cry "illiteracy" are in a broader sense themselves illiterate. They simply cannot understand those aspects of language that print cannot reproduce. Print enjoys great prestige, but little. I think about it—if language is designed to communicate, then the most efficient form of communication is hardly the one that needs correction.

I offer no immediate solution to this problem, but I do suggest we stop civilizing students until we ourselves at least understand the problem. Our culture is changing; so is our language. It does no good to try to turn back the clock two hundred years and pretend we're sitting in the Mitre listening to Johnson and Boswell.

The nonsense about equating books with "true" culture of ridiculing news papers and TV because they are mass media is grossly misleading. English is a mass medium. All languages are mass media. Radio, film and TV are just new languages, their grammars as yet unknown. Print was the first mechanized mass medium. Yet today it is being promoted by scholars as the only hope for true culture.

Recently the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey wrote: "As a means of serious communication there is no substitute for the book. Books are about all others the means by which the individual may be nourished and a free society preserved."

It does indeed, on the hopes so are all the values of our civilization." The implication here is that not only are the values of our culture being replaced by new ones, but that the new ones are mean and vulgar.

Cyril Connolly, the English critic, put it more bluntly: "The more books we read, the sooner we perceive that the function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece and that no other task is of any consequence. All excursions in to journalism, broadcasting, propaganda and writing for films, however grindingly, are doomed to disappointment. To put all our best into these forms is another folly, since thereby we render our good prose as well as bad to oblivion. It is in the nature of such work and to last, so it should never be undertaken."

These are the embalmers of language who want to lay thought to rest between hard covers. With the mortician's gleam they come to bury the book, not to praise it. To them the mass media communication is talk. Truth, science, democracy, even poetry and art they believe, can exist and be transmitted only in visual form as within language.

But great culture has never existed under a communication monopoly. The binding power of any monopoly stifles creativity. In the part when the oral and written traditions measured side by side, neither dominating the other, as in fifth-century Athens or the Elizabethan Age, the human spirit reached its highest moments. We live in similar times. Print's domination of thought has come tumbling down like the walls of Jericho. English is freeing itself to become an oral language. ★



Backstage in Gaza continued from page 5

"Once on the UN's ration list a person seems to become immortal"

have the highest birth rate and the lowest death rate in the world, once enrolled on UNRWA's ration list a person seems to become immortal so low death rate ever reported. Sixteen hundred calories a day are a mere subsistence ration but in fact refugee families are able to save a fair fraction of the flour they get and barter it for clothes and other necessities. The effect of this leniency is that the refugees in Gaza, poor as they are, enjoy a relatively decent standard of living as Middle Eastern standards go. Israeli doctors, checking the health conditions in the refugee camps, found them surprisingly good. Housing is certainly not handsome but it is no worse than in a typical Arab village—better, if anything. (The only



"A FEAST INDEED, SIR JOHN"

SIR JOHN. And for those of us who prefer John Barleycorn to the juice of the grape, an admirable choice.

HON. GENT. You refer, I presume, to these generous bumpers of Mr. Labatt's celebrated ale.

SIR JOHN. Indeed. I do! India Pale Ale is the name he gives it, but there is—thank heaven—nothing pale about its splendid flavour.

HON. GENT. Hearty, robust, a man's drink for a man's occasion. I concur, my dear Sir John! Allow me to replenish your glass.

SIR JOHN. I am greatly obliged! I perceive the speeches are about to begin again and listening is, I find, but dry work.

MR. LABATT BEGAN BREWING "A MAN'S ALE" IN 1828

huts in the Gaza Strip confirm suspicions that the horrible squalor of refugee camps in Jordan along the road between Jerusalem and Bethlehem is maintained as a kind of grisly tourist attraction to impress foreign visitors with the misery of the refugees.

Among the women and children these infectible material standards extend into a habitable way of life generally. The women keep homes, the children go to school. Among the swarm of grinning chattering urchins who surround every visitor from the moment he sets foot in Gaza, a surprising number speak English that they learned in the UNRWA schools.

UNRWA has carried on in Gaza a complete educational program for several years with impressive results. Canadians and Americans who have spent time there on United Nations duty are all struck by the passionate interest in learning that they find among the Arab youth. They tell of seeing tent-agers walking the streets of the refugee villages to study until dark, there not much light in a camp hut, and doing their algebra in the dirt of the sidewalk or in the sand with switch sticks.

But for the men and for the young students as they grow into man-size refugee camps are a dead end. No intelligible future awaits them or even an intelligible present. With nowhere to go, nothing to do, nothing to hope for and little to lose they sit in a dream world of revenge and reconquest.

It is in the relative comfort of Gaza, not the shocking squalor of the Arab camps in Jordan, that most recruits are found for the Fedayeen, the so-called commando squads of the Egyptian Army who, in fact, are simply trained murderers. The rising, thirsty rate now at a new high as UNRWA schools produce their first crop of pupils who have had time to complete an elementary education, provides new shock squads of readers for the fall-mindedly Arabic press. And with the almost total lack of hope for the future reasons from weary absenteeism and shelter brings more tension within than less.

Of all the gangrenous lying loose in this explosive region none is more dangerous than the refugee camps of Palestine. They are a sobering spectacle to anyone who thinks that if we spend enough money we can buy peace.

* * *

When the Israeli military governor took us to lunch at the mess in Gaza, he was embarrassed and apologetic about the swarms of flies, those hatefully aggressive flies of the Middle East that buzzed around the table. Soon he said he hoped to get them to do something about them.

This turned the conversation to the Rockefeller Foundation's experiment in upper Egypt a few years ago, which almost succeeded but eventually failed to wipe out flies in one village. Someone remarked: "Apparently there's no way to eliminate them in this part of the world."

The young military governor shook his head with a reminiscent grin.

"There is a way," he said. "I have seen it done. It is not easy but it is simple."

He went on to tell the story. During World War II he had served with the British Army in southern Burma and in 1945 found himself in charge of a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp.

"Most orderly set of soldiers I ever saw," he said. "They made their own camp, including the wire fence around it to keep them from escaping, and soon established their own sanitary arrangements.

"The one thing wrong was the flies. Their camp was absolutely blank with them and of course they spread to our quarters so I called in the Japanese commandant."

"Flies?" he said. "You really think this important?"

"I told him I did. "Sssh," he said. "We shall remove the flies of course."

Next day I found out how he proposed to do it. Orders were posted that every Japanese soldier to get his ration of food had to present one hundred flies, and a sergeant major sat at the head of the chow line counting them with a chopstick. After counting them he would dump them into a bin so they could be used for fertilizer in the camp garden.

Within two weeks flies had become very scarce in the camp. The commander reduced the daily requirement to only fifty flies per man, but soon even that became very difficult. By the end of this month-week the camp had a black market in flies—men were paying quite large amounts for enough dead flies to get their daily food ration.

Luckily the prisoners were sent home to Japan just in time. If they had stayed a fortnight longer I'm sure some of them would have been breeding flies for commercial purposes.

The Israeli military governor pushed back his chair and took a last swat at the swarm on the dinner table.

Maybe there's an idea there for UNRWA. Set a price of a few dozen flies for each refugee family's ration—that would wipe out one of the biggest public health problems in Asia Minor. ★



London Letter continued from page 4

"One thing is certain — Great Britain will no longer take its foreign policy from America"

the view that the moment of destiny had arrived. The French government protested. Like the attack of a whip the Anglo-French forces went into action to stop the Israel-Egypt war and to destroy the Russian armaments that were massed there. Those armaments proved to be better in quality and in quantity in size than had been supposed. The estimate of the British forces is that they destroyed Russian tanks and airplanes to the value of a hundred million pounds.

Now we must turn to the White House for a moment. What Britain like you in Canada are puzzling with the smiling friendliness of President Eisenhower. As a soldier and as a statesman his good humor, his humanity and his warmth have won the hearts of his own people and the admiration of the whole civilized world.

When he learned that the Anglo-French forces had intervened without any consultation with the White House his anger grew in fury.

Seven days we shall know exactly what Eisenhower and Eden said in truth either on the telephone. One of the best informed men in British politics told me that Eisenhower gave Eden absolute hell and I do not doubt it.

But the dubonnet Anthony Eden is no quisling dummy when it comes to a row. His father the Barking Baronet had the hottest temper in his part of the countryside and Anthony is a sprig of the old tree.

For before the British prime minister had decided to end Britain's role of satellite to the U.S. but weary sirrahs years Britain's ministers of state have commanded to and from Washington. At America's command Britain ended her long and loyal alliance with Japan. At America's nominated Britain ceased her valuable established links with China. At America's command Britain supported the League of Nations which was founded and then rejected by America. At America's demand we were barred until the repayment of the 1914-1918 loan which brought about the financial collapse and the general strike.

And now the British prime minister was being berated as an irresponsible war monger. That was what we were told by Rab Butler and Harold Macmillan to meet the Conservative members in a private conference room in the Commons.

There is a limit to what I can reveal but the speech of Harold Macmillan the chancellor of the exchequer at that private meeting was a brilliant mixture of sincerity irony and irresistible logic. In turn Butler was clear-headed firm and persuasive.

Macmillan discussed Anglo-American relations with a candor that left almost nothing to the imagination.

There is no reason to be diplomatic or mealymouthed about it. The direct action of France and Britain without consultation with America was a declaration of independence. The Americans should understand what that means because they became a nation by such a declaration.

What then is the position of Canada in the essential duality of her position as part of the British Commonwealth and part of the North American continent?

I'll run answer by recalling that there was a most amusing book of the First World War called *The Menaces of Colonel Brackish*. I can see reason why an enterprising publisher should not give us a modern book called *The Menaces of Mr. St. Laurent*.

A shrewd and witty observer of the contemporary scene said the other day: "The only friends we have in Canada are the Canadian people." Dismiss it as a phrase, an epigram or just a joke, but myself I make no comment.

Therefore let us sum up the situation. The military intervention by France and Britain may have repercussions that will alter the very trend of history. One thing is certain — Great Britain will no longer take its foreign policy from America.

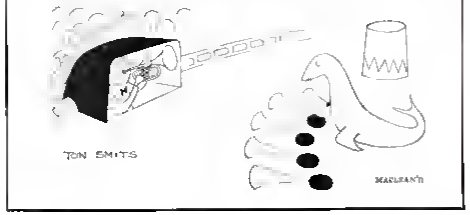
As for the UN it will become an ineffectual giant without power to act unless another Truman arises to give it life.

Because of America's flabbiness of purpose there will be a mighty international Walk-in Europe, with the economic and military unity of Great Britain, West Germany, France, Italy and the Benelux countries.

We shall feel nothing but friendliness toward the American people, and we shall do our best to make common cause with them in furthering the rights of human liberty and human dignity. We shall look upon America as a friend, a valued friend but not an ally.

Forgive me if I end this London Letter on a personal note. In 1920 I wrote my first novel. The Paris Man Play, which was published simultaneously in the U.S., Canada and Great Britain. In the last chapter was the phrase "American — dollar to the world."

Thirty-six years have passed by and I would not alter one word of what I wrote at that time. But perhaps I would add another chapter entitled "The world is dollar to Anthony Eden to Britain and to France." ★



IN THE editors' confidence



Oscar Cahen

One of the last of Oscar Cahen's illustrations for Maclean's appears on pages 10 and 11 of this issue. Like the artist himself it has gayness and spontaneity as well as a keenness of touch that stamps it as the work of an extraordinary illustrator. It was one of the last jobs that Oscar did for us. He was killed in an automobile crash on November 26, 1956.

Oscar was not only one of Canada's best and best known illustrators; he was a gallery painter of international renown.

In his ten years of association with Maclean's he did hundreds of covers and illustrations using half a dozen styles and techniques. He also painted and published scores of important oils, one of which hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa. As a member of Toronto's newly formed Painters Eleven, whose work recently went on exhibit in New York, he had established himself in the forefront of serious Canadian painters. His loss, therefore, is a great loss to all of Canada.

And even if he hadn't been able to paint a brick, all of those who knew and worked with him in this office would still miss him very much. ★



He reported what he saw in his adopted Canada in strong detail.

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A GOOD BRAND IS YOUR BEST GUARANTEE

"Superb wine, old man!"

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If you think it's good, you should try their brandy—absolutely tops!"



PAARL South African

WINES AND BRANDIES

BLENDED AND FULLY MATURED IN THE CELLARS OF THE CO-OPERATIVE WINE GROWERS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Parade

A warning about winter underwear

We have sworn testimony that when a Lethbridge, Alta., man fled the prairie winter for a Honolulu vacation he got there so fast he was still wearing his long winter underwear. After a trip to a Honolulu laundry the red flannels came back with a bill for $1.75—because the laundry never having seen anything like them before took no chances and dry-cleaned them.

* * *

Comes now one of drivers' motorists know they'll always be rescued on one sector of the Montreal-Toronto highway near Beauharnois. A service station there has the usual repair truck plus a small army tank—minus turret and cannon but armed with crane, winch and snowplow blade.



* * *

A motorist who is glad his garage has no equipment quite that heavy is a man in Watrous, Sask., who got into enough trouble as it was when he called a local service station to report that his car wouldn't start. The two fellows who came with the tow truck couldn't start it either, so they hauled it away for investigation. Well, the engine did start before they reached the garage, but they kept on going and just as they rolled inside the repair shop the man driving the customer's car discovered the brakes were frozen. Frantically he put the engine in reverse but not soon enough, as with a great crash car ran into tow truck. Still excited, the driver went to climb out, hit the gas pedal and rammed in backwards into the garage doors which had just slid shut. Total damage, fortunately payable by the garage, $400.

* * *

Winter sports can embarrass little garage operators as giant railroads although we must say the CNR asked for it when during one of last winter's worst months it ran a back page ad in the Ottawa Journal: "Let it snow! Let it rain! Canadian National's Ocean Limited gives you first class service to the Atlantic provinces." On the front page of the same day's paper ran this terse report from Halifax: "Canadian National Railways said today its Ocean Limited from Montreal will arrive here 24 hours behind schedule because lines had been blocked by the severe week-end storm."

* * *

You've heard about all the stupendous deeds involved in getting the St. Lawrence Seaway built on schedule in spite of all hazards, but bet you didn't know disaster was staved off in a small way a while ago by a small boy. He was eleven but not very big for his age—not as big as the other youngster he saw in front of him on the bridge over the Chateauguay River just as this other youngster raised his arm to throw a rock. The rock was aimed at a seaman on the dredge L. Robidoux working on a seaway channel directly below, but it never reached its mark because one hero knocked the other fellow's arm down just in time. His reward was immediate filling and appreciated the seaman chunked the lad a chocolate bar he'd been about to eat himself.

* * *

The peewee hockey leagues are again going all out of course with practice sessions and games scheduled literally from pre-dawn to dusk to work in all the items. Vernon, B.C., youngsters are as hockey crazy as those any place and we've heard about a jittery Belvean out three whose team had to be on the ice at 7 a.m. Saturday and who pledged his dad to waken him no later than six. Father was rubbing his eyes sleepily when he went in to call the lad but wasn't too sleepy to notice the bedclothes looked awfully lumpy. Pulling them off he revealed the inner form of our small hockey player fully clad including shoulder pads, elbow pads, knee pads, sweater and hockey socks. No skates or stick—but they went right there with in record.



Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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